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Phillips Andover Mirror



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Editorial,



Phillips Andober Mirror

FOUNDED 1854

Vol. III.

NEW SERIES

No. 1

Mary Ann Speaks

"The case of the people vs. Scraggins!" called the clerk of court, in a loud, sonorous voice.

The words were scarcely pronounced before a ripple of laughter ran over the court room; even the drowsy frequenters of the place sat up and smiled, for, unwillingly making his way from the prisoner's dock, between two burly policemen, appeared a small boy. was dirty and rugged; his little shoes were down at the heel and out at the toe, but his stockings did their utmost to conceal the shabbiness by continually dropping down; his trousers, where they were not patched, were sadly torn; his shirt was of a grimy indiscernible shade; above that there was only his pale, scared little face, surmounted by a shock of unbrushed, red hair. Regarded from a sentimental viewpoint his appearance was rather pathetic than otherwise, but, taken altogether, as he stood between the two officers, the top of his head just even with their belts, he presented a spectacle that was ludicrous in the extreme.

"What is this-er-young person charged with?" asked the judge, peering down over his glasses.

"Pickpocketing!" came back the quick response.

"Ah, yes! you two officers were, I believe, present at the scene of the larceny—you are witnesses?" continued the judge.

"Yis, sor," answered the two policemen in

unison.

The couple was sworn in, and, without more ado, they launched into their testimony in the hardened way peculiar to all faithful servants of the law. It seemed that an old gentleman, bent on charity work in the slums, had stopped on a street corner for the purpose of helping along a worthy chestnut vender. He had just drawn from his pocket a thick wad of bills, which he was gloatingly regarding with a view to selecting the smallest, when a short, grimy arm reached up and snatched the whole roll from his grasp. Now, even charitable old gentlemen like the privilege of selecting the object of their charity; so very naturally this particular old gentleman turned quickly around for the purpose of recovering his money. The first thing his gaze met was the two officers, the two who were giving their evidence, and to these he appealed for help. They, too, had seen the ragged arm stretch up and snatch the money, but that was all they had seen. They agreed as, indeed, anybody who was there had to agree, that the arm belonged to a small boy. However, none of the quartet—the officers, the old gentleman, or the chestnut vender-had seen any boy running away, and surely, if any had been running at just that time, one of them would have seen him. one of the policemen at that moment espical a young urchin, who slipping through the crowd a short distance off, was doing his best to make an unostentatious get-away. him they pounced! The lad protested indignantly and requested to be searched then and

there. Searched he was, with the result that nothing was found on him save his tattered garments. But, of course, justice could not be delayed for a mere trifle of this sort, and accordingly that amusement of the slums, "the wagon," was summoned, and the boy hustled off to jail.

This was the substance of the officer's testimony, which they ended by declaring that it was very strange how the little fellow made away with the money, but that, nevertheless, there could be no doubt of his guilt!

There was only one other witness; that was the old gentleman who had suffered the loss. He was very much excited and talked a great deal, but really had nothing new to say. However, he corroborated the evidence of the other two in very definite terms; and when he had finished, things looked pretty badly for the little defendant. The judge was about to ask the youngster what he had to say in his own behalf, and close the case as soon as possible, when there was another stir in the back of the room, which momentarily checked the proceedings. Someone else was approaching the bench!

The new arrival was also very small and very dirty and, in fact, differed from the defendant only in point of sex.—It was a girl! She seemed perfectly at her ease and made her way nonchalantly down the aisle with that unconcerned manner in which the children of the streets are wont to act, and, at last, without the slightest hesitancy or restraint, addressed herself to the judge.

"Please, yer honor," piped she, "I guess these gents don't know all there is to know about this here trial. I guess I could tell 'em somethin'!"

"Young woman," said the judge severely-

he was appalled at this affront to the dignity of the court—"do you mean that you are able to throw any light on this case?"

"I reckon I do!"

"Well, then," resumed the judge in his austere, ponderous way, "let the witness be sworn."

This formality was duly gone through—the child answering to the name of Mary Ann; then the piping voice continued.

"Yer see, yer honor, I was with this here kid"-indicating the defendant with a side motion of the head—"all afternoon, the day he got pinched. This pickpocket business happened down on our street, an' I know all the fellars down there. There's one kid who's a purty slick article at them things—pickpocket an' sech like, I mean—an' that's de kid what was right side er that guy"-another motion of the head singled out the plaintiff— "when he lost his dough, and that's the kid what got the dough. How do I know he got it?—Cause he tol' me so! He hooked it outer town las' night, but he seen me afore he went. Yer see, he wus wise that young Scraggins got pinched, an' he knew I wus wise, too, an' he wanted ter do som'thin' ter set himself right with me, fer he's got some good in him, even if he be a low-down thief. He says: "Mary Ann, I pinched that money, an' I'm agoin' ter keep it, but I hate ter see young Scraggins in jail fer it. I'm going ter shovel outer this joint ter night, jes' like er reg'lar bank president—there ain't no reason why I shouldn't wid all dis money—an' yer won't never see me 'round here no more, so I don't care what happens. But ef you want to, you kin go down ter jail and tell 'em what I've said—I'll risk their catchin' mc—an' that way

get young Scraggins out.' That's what he seys ter me.

"Well, I thought it over. Furst I wus purty scared, but I jest couldn't see young Scraggins go ter jail—I've knowed him all my life, an' a innocenter kid never lived— so this mornin' I comes down here ter tell youse guys all about this here mix up.

"Yer see, jedge, it happened dis way. Me an' young Scraggins wus jes' comin' roun' the corner, when that kid frum our street I tol' yer about got away with this fellar's long green. Those guys wus awful slow not ter get next ter what wus doin', fer even I could see the whole business m'self. This kid hiked it into the corner store there, an' wus out the side door an' down the alley afore them dead ones had turned around. I seen what wus goin' on an' could guess purty near what wus comin', so I turns around and beat it! That left young Scraggins all alone, an' he wus doin' his best, I guess, ter slip out quiet like, when they spotted him. I don't blame 'em er bit, seein' how it wus then, but now that I've told yer erbout it I hope youse will let de kid off!"

The piping voice ceased, and the court drew a long breath at the conclusion of this quaint recital.

The little girl was cross-examined, question after question was fired at her, and, in every way, strenuous attempts were made to lure her into some contradiction, but she stood her ground firmly and clung absolutely to her story. The odds were all in her favor anyway, for the young defendant had neither been seen taking the money nor discovered with it on his person; so after Mary Ann had furnished some additional information about

the real thief of whom she had told, the prisoner was discharged.

The two little urchins walked out arm in arm, while all around them were heard admiring murmurs. The boy was still badly scared, but the girl was as calm and unmoved as ever, and seemed perfectly oblivious to the praise she heard of herself on every side.

Neither spoke a word until they had gained the street; then Scraggins, after looking carefully around and making sure they were not watched, turned toward his benefactress a face full of gratitude.

"Say, Mary Ann," he gasped, "how'd you do it?"

"Oh, I had ter get you out some way, kid, an' that wus as good as any. Nex' time, though, you want ter get a hump on yerself!"

"Well, I got rid of the cash in time, anyhow, but say, what'd you do with it?"

"The guy's money, you mean? Here's one green; the rest I turned over to the old woman!"

Alfred Louis Baury.

Meerlied

The ever leaving, never ceasing sea
Reveals to me the story of past years,
When, roaring loud in accents harsh, it tells
Me of the heroes and the gods of yore.
But on the quiet days with murmurings mild,
When no harsh wind does break its rolling flood,
I hear in it the lyre of Orpheus,
His songs of love, his glorious songs of life,
Which echo through the ages of all time,
Which, with their heavy, mellow chords sublime,
Softened the heart of the infernal god
And give to me a truer, stronger hope
That I may in my living live aright.

Uncle Zeke's Antomobile Kide

At the warning honk-honk, Uncle Zeke, with a speed surprising for one of his years, dashed to the sidewalk, just as a big red motor-car rounded the corner and flew down the country road. Instead of the maledictions which the loafers at the store expected to hear, the old man burst into an uproarious fit of laughter. He was still chuckling when he reached the store and, after wiping his face with his handkerchief for some moments, remarked: "I never see one of them autowagons but what I think of the experience I had with one of 'em."

His hearers leaned forward, scenting a story. Most of Uncle Zeke's tales had been told on an average of from fifty to a hundred times, but this one was entirely new. After a long silence, broken only by Zeke's hearty chuckles, the store-keeper remarked, "Seems to me you might tell us about that adventure, Ezekiel."

Uncle Zeke gave a few preliminary coughs and then began. "About three years ago, I was comin' home from Brampton, where I had been to sell some cabbages, when I overtook two ladies sittin' in one of them hossless-kerriges. The man wasn't in sight at fust, but after scrutinizin' the vehicle careful like, I discerned his feet protrudin' from underneath. So I slowed down my hoss and called out: 'Anythin' I can do for you, sir?'"

"Curse it, no!" he answered, real unpolite. "Unless you know more about this machine than I do, which isn't likely."

"But I saw he was pretty badly off; so I

tied my hoss to a tree and went over and watched him. Pretty soon he looked out and said ez cross ez could be, 'Well, since you seem to want to know so much about it, get under and see for yourself.'

"The ladies kind of snickered, but I grabbed the wrench he had in his hand and crawled under. It wasn't very comfortable under there and smelt most confoundedly of gasoline, but I reached around till my hand hit a bolt, which I immediately unscrewed. What was my astonishment, when the machinery began to throb, and the chains and belts and things started to run jest ez they should.

"The man laid hold of my legs and pulled me out. 'Why didn't you tell me, you were an expert?' he said, shakin' my hand. 'I've been working on that thing for the last half hour and never made it budge, and here you start it in two minutes. What's your charge, my friend? Ask what you want.'

"Now I'd always wanted to ride in one of them auto-wagons, but I wasn't going to let on that I didn't know the fust thing about 'em; so I said to him: 'How far be you people intendin' to go?'"

"We're on our way to visit my cousins, the Jamesons," he replied.

"Wall," I said, lookin' mighty knowin, "that's a couple of miles from here, and your machine's in pretty bad shape. In fact, I don't believe you can make it without a breakdown, unless you have an experienced mechanic like me at the wheel. I can leave my hoss here safe enough, and I'll guarantee to bring you there in fust class shape. We can settle about the charge afterward. I'll be moderate, sir."

"Just the thing, my dear man," he cried, "get right in. My, but it's lucky I met you."

"So I jumped in, pushed that bar at the side ez I had often seen 'em do, and off we went, slick ez could be. We did the two miles to the Jameson's driveway in about four minutes, and I turned up it like an old-timer. The whole family was out on the front stoop, and when they saw us comin,' they jumped up and waved their handkerchiefs and shouted like all possessed.

"I brought my car up to the steps and sad-like, thinkin' my ride was over, shot the lever up to the last notch, expectin' to stop the machine. I was some surprised, when the contrary beast leaped ahead faster 'an ever. She spun round the curve of the driveway in spite of everythin' I could do. Down the lane she flew and out on to the road again. Puttin' all my strength to the wheel, I managed to turn the thing back toward my rig. The women were shriekin' and the man was hold-in' on for dear life. But ez nothin' serious happened, I gradually got cool and turned to the gentleman.

"He was gaspin' and pintin' down the road. I looked, and there was a herd of fifty Jersey cows, near ez I could judge, bein' somewhat excited at the time, — and what was worse, they was comin' straight for us. I thought sure it was all over with us. In about twenty seconds we was in the midst of 'em. Then that automobubble struck somethin', and I shot some thirty feet through the air, landin in a pile of brush by the roadside.

"I was up in a minute and, on lookin' around, saw the rest of my party pickin' themselves out of similar brush heaps, seemin'ly safe and sound. The man lookin' over

my way and seein' me, yelled out: 'Hi, you rascal! I'll—I didn't wait to hear any more, but catchin' sight of my old hoss and wagon a little way down the road, I made a break for 'em, jumped in, and drove for home, lickity cut.

"Next day, when I read my newspaper, I saw this notice: 'An escaped lunatic, pretending to be a chauffeur, nearly killed a party of young people from New York by running them at full speed into a herd of cows. After the accident, the man escaped, but the police are searching everywhere for him, and his capture is almost certain."

For several minutes the old man's chuckles effectually stopped further utterance. "Whew!" he at last ejaculated, "that was the most excitin' adventure I ever had. But it does beat all how they took me fer an escaped lunatic. I guess you didn't know what a dangerous man your Uncle Zeke was."

C. C. Kimball.

The Very Worst

There's a crowded field of candidates From almost every state Seeking presidential honors, For nineteen hundred eight; There's Charley Fairbanks, long and lean, There's Foraker and Taft, And William Bryan, Hughes, and Root, Besides a perfect raft Of lesser lights, whom want of space Prohibits us to name, But who none the less are striving For the boodle and the fame Which invariably accompany The presidential chair And unite to the advantage of The people's servant there. And thinking folk who look around To see whom they should choose As the one who most is fitted To fill our Teddy's shoes Cannot agree as to the best, But all proclaim the worst To be New York's erratic journalist, Young Willie Randolph Hearst.

TT

And must I tell you, gentle reader,
Must I elucidate
Why he's the most impossible
Of any candidate?
Can't you picture, can't you conjure
What the great U. S. would be

With a yellow journal King In our national tepee? There'd be Brisbane on the cabinet, To make all move in style, To look after things American And gather news the while. And Ella Wheeler Wilcox might Write out proclamations Which Tad, the artist, could embellish With timely illustrations. But why should I continue now, Or give you reasons more, When by looking at his Journal You can read them by the score-Reasons why, of all the aspirants, Without a doubt the worst Is New York's erratic journalist Young Willie Randolph Hearst.

A. L. B.

An Experiment

Professor B—— opened the little glass case on the table in his laboratory after disconnecting it with the gas jet from which poisonous gases had been flowing for an hour, and took out the dead body of a rabbit. "Dead as a door nail!" he remarked as he searched with his near-sighted eyes for signs of life. "But I'll give him a few minutes more of it to make sure," and he replaced the body in the case and turned on the gas again. Opening a closet on the shelf, he busied himself preparing the apparatus with which he intended to make the experiment. When the door at the other end of the room opened, Professor B— turned quickly with an exclamation of annoyance the interruption. "Oh. it's you, is it?" growled, as his partner, Professor C-, entered the room. "I thought it was that meddling assistant you brought from Yale,—this is no work for him. He's too chicken hearted! Strange he should be such a fool about vivisection. He doesn't look like a kid. You say he played football at Yale—?" The other nodded and walked over to the glass case where the rabbit was being given an overdose of gas. "Well, he is a fool anyway," the old man continued relentlessly; "said it was cruel to cut up dumb animals that could not defend themselves. Why, vivisection has done more for humanity than any other known science. Yes, sir, and if this experiment turns out successfully, as I feel it will, I-or we," he corrected himself as his partner looked up in reproach, "shall have rendered science a service it can never repay us—and will go down

to posterity as the discoverers of the great secret of Life." As he made this startling announcement, the old man's bent shoulders straightened up, and his weak, near-sighted eyes gleamed like coals of fire. His partner had caught the enthusiasm, and together the two old professors perfected their final arrangements, until all was in readiness. A live rabbit, the mate to the one in the glass case, was stretched on his back upon a board and securely held by thongs of leather which passed over each leg and around his throat. The animal was then covered with a funnershaped glass case in the side of which a sharp, ugly knife had been fastened, extending inward so that when the edge of the case was inserted into the groove prepared for ic around the base of the operating board, the knife would slash open the breast of the rabbit and enclose the rabbit and the apparatus in an air tight jar. The upper end of this jar tapered to a diameter of one inch and then opened into another space containing an operating board precisely like that at the bottom, and also covered with an air-tight glass roof. Upon the board in the upper opening, the dead rabbit, with a hole directly above his heart, was fastened breast downward. The edges of this wound were drawn around the funnelshaped opening from the lower chamber and securely fastened. When everything was ready, there was a brief argument as to which should have the honor of snapping on the casing and thereby killing the rabbit in the lower chamber. This was finally settled in favor of Professor B—, and with a trembling hand he snapped down the cover and watched anxiously for the result. As the lower rabbit struggled for a second in the throes of death and finally died, a movement was noticed in

the other rabbit as if something had touched it. Soon this developed into a slow, regular respiratory movement, at the sight of which the two old men fell into each other's with tears of joy rolling, unheeded, down their rugged countenances. Professor B--- was first to recover himself, and, seizing his companion almost roughly, he shouted, "There is not a moment to lose, we must attend to him quickly or everything is spoiled."

Calmed immediately by the thought that there was yet a chance of failure, they lost no time in removing the rabbit from the upper chamber and sewing up and dressing the wound in his chest. This was done with all the skill and care the two veterans could command, and then the animal was revived with a dash of cold water and a strong stimulant poured between his lips. In a few moments the breathing became more regular. Their experiment was successful! The dead rabbit was alive again!

The strain of the last few minutes had been too much for the over-wrought nerves of the scientists, and now a reaction had set in. They sank into chairs, completely worn out, while the rabbit limped around the room, sniffing along the floor and seeking vainly for some exit to the outdoor haunts of freedom for which he so longed.

"If our method can be applied to men as well as to rabbits, it is certainly a victory over death. The old can be born again by recharging them with youth and energy to continue their works of wisdom, at the expense of useless, inexperienced youth. Why there is practically no limit to what we may accomplish with this secret! If we could only experiment with a human—" Suddenly, he sprang up with an exclamation of mingled

joy and doubt. "I know!" he cried, "just the thing!"

"You mean—" gasped his companion, "You

mean—the boy!"

"Yes! Why not? What good is he to humanity? He has youth and strength, but cannot use them because he has not the brains and experience. We have both of these, and with his youth and strength injected into us we can live to develop our wonderful discovery to unheard-of limits. It is his only chance of doing anyone any good, and why should we deny him that one chance to serve mankind?"

"But suppose he will not consent."

"Force him! force him!" cried the elder one excitedly. "Is such a great step in the advance of civilization to be entrusted to the whim of a mere boy's mind?"

"You forget how strong he is," replied the other, who had seen this same "boy" hit the

line on Yale Field just a year before.

"That is easily remedied and will serve all the better for our purpose. We will drug him and bind him securely, and when he recovers we will proceed. You will have the apparatus all ready to be applied, and as soon as he is strong enough, cut into me, apply the transmitting end, and proceed exactly as we proceeded with the rabbit."

"But why should you be the one? I claim an equal share of the honor of this discovery, and I—"

"But I am the elder, and I thought of it first!"

"Well, why can't we both try it at once?"

"He might not have enough vitality for both, and we should be half alive only."

"Then we shall toss up a coin for the honor!" commanded the younger.

"Very well," said the other reluctantly,

"But—we will first make all arrangements together."

* * * * * *

All the preparations had been completed, and the senseless athlete was lying in the laboratory, with his breast bared for the final stroke. The two professors sat down at the table while one drew a coin from his pocket. The winner of two out of three throws was to be the lucky man to be experimented with. The elder threw first. "Heads!" cried his companion, and laughed in childish glee as the coin fell face up upon the table. His companion won the next throw and seized the coin for the final flip, "Heads" was chosen again, and the coin flew high into the air—fell—bounced—and rolled off the table, landing face up upon the floor. "I win! I win!" cried the younger one, "It's heads!"

"That's a mis-throw!" declared his friend vehemently. "Another trial!"

This was agreed to and resulted in a victory for Professor B——. Without a word he stood up and laid bare his chest, tested the tubing to see if everything was solid, and handed the knife to the loser, who by this time had succeeded in arousing the drugged athlete and had placed a gag in his mouth in answer to his surprised questions.

Not another word was spoken. When Professor B—— had made sure that everything was in order, he climbed upon the shelf under which the apparatus had been constructed and, lying down upon his side, waited for the knize thrust which should open a passage direct to his heart by which the vitality of the man below might enter into him. His friend approached him with upraised knife; he closed his eyes and waited. Once—twice—three

times he struck - straight for the heart and then fastened the transmitting nozzle firmly inside the wound. The big air-tight case which had been made like the rabbit operating chamber, only much larger, he clapped securely over the helpless athlete and fastened the edge in the groove, thus pressing the knife far into the vitals of his former pupil. The doomed fellow succeeded in loosening the gag from his mouth, emitted one shriek of agony, and then was dead. As the murderer stood and watched the form above, the electric light grew suddenly dim and went out altogether, leaving the laboratory in total darkness. A drop of blood from the shelf above landed upon the bared arm of the watcher below. With a shriek of superstitious terror he turned and fled out of the darkness.

G. A. Wilson.

Leabes from Phillips Ing

Conducted by George T. Eaton, P. A. '73

'46—Chester D. Holmes died in Roxbury, August 27, 1907, at the age of 76 years.

'46—James B. Smith was born in Andover, October 1, 1828. At one time he was president of the Smith & Dove Manufacturing Co. Served one year as a private in Co. A., 33rd Regiment, Mass. Infantry, in the civil war. In 1892—1893 Mr. Smith served in the State legislature. He died in Lawrence, August 18, 1907.

'51—George Frost Baker was born in Andover in 1830 and lived there his whole life, well-known and respected. He died in Andover, August 23, 1907.

'56—Jeduthan Varnum Abbott was born in Andover, June 7, 1836, and during the civil war served in Co. A., 33rd Regiment, Mass. Infantry. At the time of his death he was commander of Post 144 G. A. R. His home was in Dedham where he had served as chairman of the board of overseers of the poor. He was vice-president of the Dedham Historical Society and prominent in other ways. He died of apoplexy in Boston while attending as delegate a councillor convention October 4, 1907.

'62—Horace Henry Tyer was born in New Brunswick, N. J., in 1844. He entered his father's business in Andover, that of the manufacture of rubber, and at his father's death became the head of the Tyer Rubber Co. He was also a director in the National Bank, a trustee of the Savings Bank, a trustee of Punchard, for many years a trustee of Abbot Academy, president of the Andover Press. He died October 4, 1907, at Pigeon Cove.

'74—George Warren Stearns was born in Windham, Conn., December 24, 1856. He entered Amherst College, winning the Porter Entrance prize for the best prepared student, and graduated with the class of 1878. He graduated from Andover Seminary in 1881. His pastorates were at Patten, Me., Hadley, Acton, Middleboro and Lanesville. He died in Walpole, August 10, 1907. Mr. Stearns was a graceful writer, fond of the classics, a helper of all his associates.

'78—Burton Monroe Firman graduated from Harvard in 1882 and engaged in newspaper work on the Springfield Republican, the Boston Advertiser, the Providence Telegram, became managing editor of the Boston Post and for the last three years has been in the banking business. He died in Dorchester, August 8, 1907.

'88—James W. Osborne has been appointed by the Governor of Minnesota, Judge of the Municipal Court of Ely, Minn.

'89—Robert Kerr Dickerman of Brookline died at the Fletcher Sanitarium, Salem, September 4, 1907.

'90—Elias Bullard Bishop and Miss Elinor Burnett were married May 21, 1907, at Southboro.

'92—Henry Selden Johnston and Miss Ethel Montgomery Page were married September 19, 1907, at Malden.

'93—Married at Norfolk, Conn., September 28, 1907, Nathan Ayer Smyth and Miss Kathleen Bulkley.

'94—Pierre R. Porter is a member of the law firm of Porter & Proctor, Ninth Street and Grand Avenue, Kansas City, Mo.

'95—William H. Field has been appointed General Advertising Manager of the Frank A. Munsey Company publications.

'95—Robert Jeffrey Grant, Sheffield '97, died June 22, 1907, at the Hospital of the Good Shepherd in Syracuse, N. Y.

'95-Wentworth Lewis Harrington and Miss

Lilian Gordon were married June 18, 1907, at Brooklyn, N. Y.

'96—James Austin Richards and Miss Hazel Temple Read were married September 4, 1907, at Bridgeton, Me.

'97—Wilfred Clary Lane and Miss Lila Darling Woodbury were married October 2, 1907, at Burlington, Vt.

'97—Fred Clark Perkins is Superintendent of the Catoctin Ore Mines, Thurmont, Md.

'98—Married at Gloucester, September 17, 1907, Miss Edith Garland to David Dana Woodbury of Methuen.

'99—Walter S. Sugden is in the law office of Roberts, Carter (P. A. '87) and Kimball (P. A. '99) Sistersville, W. Va.

'00—Emerson Woods Baker and Miss Charleen B. Johnson were married June 15, 1907, at Fitchburg.

'00—Edward Stetson Paine and Miss Florence M. Bragg were married September 12, 1907, at Bangor, Me.

The Phillips Andover Mirror

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Cottage.

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The Andoner Press, Printers

Editorials

Another vacation has fled swiftly by; the three happy months (how short they now seem to have been!) are gone, but they have left with us those pleasant memories and recollections of the summer days, subjects for the all-cheering and ever-comforting pipe-dreams during the long, dreary winter months which are now rapidly overtaking us. 1907, too, has left us, and its members are now enrolled in that famous and ever growing body of which we hope some day to be a part, the Alumni of Phillips Andover. How strange it seems without them, and how, too, we miss the familiar faces of those many others who have not returned with us. But the old school is here

with its landmarks and traditions, and to its members, both old and new men, the *Mirror* extends its heartiest greetings.

The *Mirror* has taken the liberty of departing from the usual custom of publishing the prize essays of the Potter Prize Competition in its first number. They will be printed in a later issue.

A word of explanation at this time concerning the contributions to the Mirror will hardly come amiss. These contributions should be poems, sketches, or short stories from a thousand to two thousand words in length. As they are distinctly for the fellows to read, they should be written with that end in view. It should be remembered that the Mirror is not going to attempt a "Harvard Monthly" standard of literature, nor is such a standard necessary. Every fellow can write a story, and nearly every one could write a good one if he only tried it; it simply means writing about some experience, and we all have had them, in the same manner as one would tell it to another fellow. Every story accepted by the Mirror is counted as two long themes in a class in English, and this should serve as a great inducement to the fellows to write. Three stories accepted make a man eligible for election to the board. Do not be afraid of swamping the Board with manuscripts. That is what we are here for.

The McLanahan Prizes, offered by Mr. George X. McLanahan, '92, of Washington, D. C., will be awarded this year on a new basis. Previous experience has justified putting stories from all the classes on an even footing, and, therefore, this will hereafter be done. There will be two prizes for prose articles each term—a first prize of ten dollars for the best story and a second of five for the next best. The man whose poem is considered the best for the year will receive five dollars. The instructors in English will be the judges of this competition.

The *Mirror*, like all its contemporaries, makes the conventional apology for the lateness of its first appearance, and fondly hopes to be on time hereafter.

Willie fell into a deep, broad creek, They couldn't find him for more'n a week. Said Willie's Ma, as fond tears riz, "My, what a spoiled child Willie is!"

-Cornell Widow

Breathes there a student with soul so dead
Who never to himself hath said,
When too late for chapel bell
Some words that rhyme with ham and dell.
—Adapted from the Cornell Widow

"Now this is what I call real board," muttered the hungry one, who gratefully patted the Dining Hall steak with his molars.

-Adapted from the Cornell Widow

The glove store that carries a good line of

FOWNES

GLOVES

is to be depended on

"Heard about the fire?"

"No."

"Four fellows left school."

There was a young man from Cohoes, Who daily, as soon as he rose, Drank a gin rickey, Then shouted, "By crickey! Go bring me another of those!"

Life

VAN NESTÉ

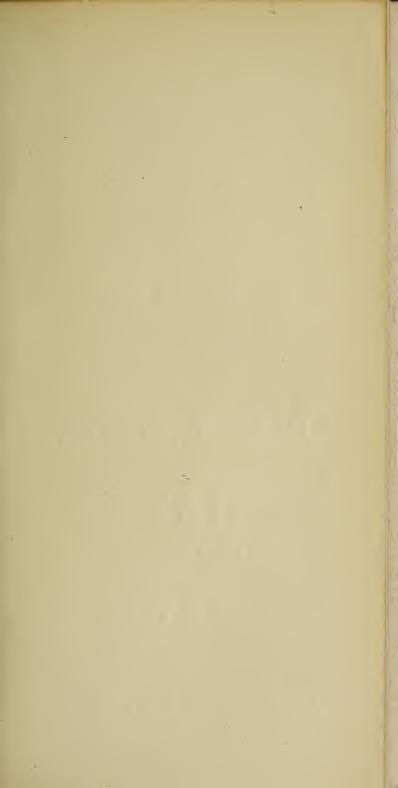
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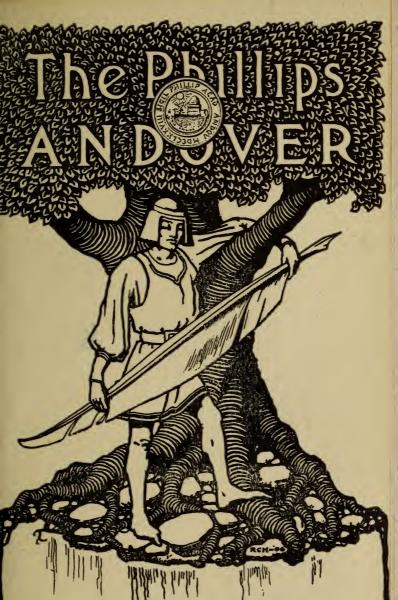
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MIRROR

* NOVEMBER, 1907 *



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Phillips Andover Mirror



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Phillips Andober Mirror

FOUNDED 1854

Vol. III.

NEW SERIES

No. 2

The Wheel of Fortune

A TALE OF ROULETTE

Logan shuffled slowly along the avenue, peering aimlessly into the windows as he went. He had the sidewalk almost to himself, for it was getting late, and most sensible folk, who had any homes, had betaken themselves thither early in the evening. wonder! The night was a disagreeable one. All day long it had rained cesselessly, and now the clouds continued to empty themselves in a slow, tepid drizzle. The smooth, wet asphalt tremblingly mirrored the forms of the belated ones who hurried over it; the cars, with their clanging, discordant bells, pushed their blunt noses through the mist, came into sight for a moment, and then disappeared in the hazy obscurity; cab horses stood at the street corners, the hot steam rising from their bodies, as they whinnied to their less fortunate brethren who went slipping by on the treacherous pavement; the lights in the shop windows along the way were dimmed by the mist and the rain, and the clerks within bent low as they covered up their wares. Men in the box-offices of the theatres which lined the avenue swore softly to themselves as they reckoned up their day's accounts — it had been an unprofitable day for them; people did not seem to want to be amused.

But all this troubled Logan not one whit.

He was sure he did not want to be amused; more serious issues confronted him, and his brow contracted into a thoughtful frown as he considered them, walking alone there on the sleepy avenue. Truth to tell, Logan was in trouble. That is, he was in debt — the two are synonymous! Just what the debt was is not of much importance now — Logan has been in debt so many times, before and since, that he would probably have some difficulty in recalling it himself just at this time, but then the matter seemed very grave to him. His entire capital consisted of a five dollar bill which he held, tightly grasped in a grimy fist thrust far down in his pocket! He was out that night to get money—money he must have; the question was how to get it. He had nothing worth pawning; nothing worth selling. Sometimes, as he passed a lone pedestrian there in the pale, blurred light, wild ideas of hold-ups and robberies rushed through his mind; at other moments, when, looking in the shop windows, he saw some weak-eyed salesman putting away his stock, he was seized with an almost uncontrollable desire to rush in, snatch what he could, and trust to his feet and the darkness for escape; but at bottom Logan was a good fellow, and he banished these thoughts as they arose and plodded on with unchanged gair. At the next corner he came to, he turned down, pausing a minute to get his bearings, for he had been wandering around, filled with his own plans and interests, oblivious to direction. On his right was a building more brilliantly lighted than most places are apt to be at that time of night, and as Logan gazed he recognized it as a well-known gambling house.

A gambling house! As he pronounced the word to himself, excited ideas jumbled and tumbled over themselves in Logan's mind. Why had he never thought of it before? He

walked up close to the door-way and peered in. As he looked, a fashionably dressed man hurried down the steps, counting a roll of bills as he went. The man noticed him and, as he passed, cast a disparaging glance at his shiny coat and seedy, green derby. Somehow Logan felt very guilty at being discovered there, and he retreated beyond the rays of the light; but he had noticed the roll of bills, and, when the other was out of sight, he returned. But he did not enter immediately. He knew that large sums were played for there, and he questioned himself whether he, with a mere five dollars, should trust himself in such a place. Logan had never gambled before, and it took him some time to reconcile himself to the plunge. Finally he decided to toss up a coin to decide the matter; then he remembered he did not have any coin; so he walked over to the gutter and picked up a stone. The under side of the latter, where the rain ha.i not touched it, was smooth and dry. That side, Logan decided, was heads; if it came down heads he would go in. He flipped the stone into the air and watched excitedly as it turned over and over, descended, hit the sidewalk, bounced, rolled, and finally stopped. He ran quickly to it and looked down. The wet side was up!

Disgustedly he kicked the inoffensive little piece of granite into the gutter and started on with muttered imprecations. Then he paused again. Why, he asked himself, why should he let a mere caprice of fortune deprive him of this chance? If he let it slip by him, he would have no alternative but to steal and—and—But he would hesitate no more! He threw his head back and marched bravely up to the door; he was on the point of entering when another group of men descended the

steps, and, again abashed, he once more slunk back into the gloom.

Even as he fled, Logan cursed himself for a fool; but when this second group was out of sight he still wavered as he started back again toward the entrance. He stood a chance, should he go in, of losing his little all and thereby being in an even worse predicament than he was in now, but way down within him a still, insistent voice kept whispering that he would not lose, that the fates were on his side; so on he kept. No one came out to frighten him away this time, and with fast beating heart he ascended the steps, pushed open the door, and entered! Before him was a steep flight of stairs, and up these he sprang, three steps at a time, while his resolve was yet strong. He pushed open a second door; and as it banged behind him he realized that it was now too late to draw back, even should be so desire.

Logan, coming out of the blackness of the night, was for a moment blinded by the strong light of the room in which he found himself. He heard the sound of jingling coins, of imprecations, of shuffling of feet, of exclamations all jumbled into one; as his eves became more accustomed to the light he saw, too, that the room was filled with a pushing, jostling, fighting throng of men, all struggling around little tables placed at intervals on the floor, and, for the first time in his life, he had some realization of what the vast world of gambledom is like. He had thought that he would be conspicuous in here, but it was not so. All were there with a common purpose whether it was love of play or dire necessity that had impelled them thither made no difference—and rich and poor, old and young, rubbed shoulders on the same footing.

For some moments Logan stood watching

the shoving, heaving crowd around him, forgetful of his own purpose. But he soon came to himself and fought his way to a prominent place by one of the tables. He did not place his money at first, however; he wanted to watch the others to see what to do. The game in process was roulette - even Logan, with his limited knowledge of gambling matters, knew that much. Of course, by merely watching he could not become versed in all the intricacies of the betting, but it did not take him very long to discover that, should be place his money on a single number, he would be given odds of a hundred to one. That still, insistent voice within told him that this was his one best bet — his golden opportunity!

Reluctantly he drew forth from his pocket the hand which held his five dollar bill, and, handing his money over to the keen-eyed, impassive banker, made known his bet in a somewhat husky undertone. The number he had picked for the lucky one was 46. He chafed with impatience at the delay occasioned by the placing of the other bets; but at last all was ready, and the banker, with a turn of his wrist, set the wheel in motion and dropped in the ball. The little pellet of destiny went jumping and bobbing elusively over the uneven surface beneath it, with every eye in the vicinity fastened on its every turn and twist.

Logan, tightly gripping the table and leaning far forward, was probably the most excited man on the floor—for him it meant more than for most! He watched intently as the little ball settled in a socket, but he could not tell his fate until the wheel stopped. It was slowing down now—surely it could not go much longer. No. 40—it was stopping—once—twice—three times it turned—and yet once again, and then—stopped!

Alfred Louis Baury.

The Master Hand

"It's purty bad times, Sam, ef a woman like Cy Taylor's wife cain't be let pass away peaceful 'nd intact, 'ter say nothin' whatsomever uf spilin' every airthly chence she may hev, God a'mighty willin', ter get up 'nd move 'mongst us 'uns agin—I say it's a durned—well, see hyar, ef thet fellow don't fetch her round arter slashin' her ter pieces—say, Sam, jest you feel Ezra, 'nd Bill, 'nd a few, 'nd I'll see some 'nd we'll hev a sorter outdoor sociable fer thet high flutin Doctor Lamb."

These opinions were expressed by Lish Johnson, a good hearted, fiery tempered mountaineer, to his friend, Sam English, another mountaineer possessing an equally hot temper.

"H'm, ef thet goldarned, blankety-blank fool uf a wild-cat thinks 'cause we aint frum New York nor Demorest, nor sech seats uf larnin', we don't in nowise know nothin"!— Sam stopped for want of breath, then began again rather more thoughtfully, and in a tone that expressed deepest injury.—"H'm, and he doin' his cussed 'sperimentin on one uf my own family, 'nd me hyar not leftin' a finger to hender. It aint no 'special difference if she aint any closter nor my second cousin by marriage; some poor fool with sense ought ter step in 'nd d'rect ther path uf them as aint any. Doggoned, ef thet cur don't larn the sperret healin' power uf thet lasso."

Sam's last words were uttered with force and determination, and Lish was pleased to see that his own views regarding new doctors in general, and Doctor Lamb in particular, were fully seconded. After a little further conversation they parted company to make arrangements for their 'outdoor sociable'.

Inside a small, two roomed, log cabin, on a bed, which needed only a glance to tell one where it was made, lay Dell Taylor. Her hair, uncombed and free from any binding, lay over her breast, making more noticeable the extreme pallor of her face.—— Friends who saw her scarcely recognized in the drawn and wasted features the bright, energetic woman whose hand had always guided the family and made it possible for them to live in comparative comfort in spite of the spasmodic help of the husband. Now, the wrinkles in her forehead and her sunken eyes were an indication of the anguish that was her lot.

Doctor Smith, the old doctor, who had been practising for twenty-five years, frankly confessed his inability to aid her. Her case was really considered hopeless, when young Doctor Lamb came for consultation and announced that complete recovery was possible if she would consent to undergo an extremely dangerous operation. After much persuasion the old doctor promised to aid him; and Dell and Cy gave their consent to the plan, although no amount of talk did anything but enrage their many friends. Lish Johnson and Sam English gave utterance to the innermost feelings of the mountain people when they decided that an 'outdoor sociable' was the 'proper form of entertainment', and the 'sperret healin' lasso' the best kind of medicine for the doctor.

The day of the operation came quickly. Both doctors were in the small two-roomed cabin with the sick woman and her immediate family. Doctor Lamb gave the opiate and performed the operation while Doctor Smith assisted. During the moments when

all was over and both doctors were anxiously waiting for the effects of the opiate to pass, conscious that the crisis was at hand, Cy sat out in the kitchen with his head in his hands, moaning and groaning as if he were the one upon whom the operation had been performed. Now and then he would cry out, "God fergive me! Why did I do it? I hev let them kill my wife! Oh God, she might 'a lived anyway!"

Outside, the sun was just going down over the tree tops, and the long shadows of the trees were intermingled with many other long dark shadows made by the 'few neighbors' who had come to attend the 'sociable' if there were any. Stealthily, two or three of the men crept up to the wall of the cabin to hear how everything was going. They were unfortunate enough to hear Cy say, "They hev killed my wife! Oh God—" The rest they did not wait to hear but hastened back among the trees that skirted the lot to tell the result of their quest.

It seemed an interminable time to the waiting crowd before the door opened and young Doctor Lamb stepped out, pale, from the intense strain he had been under, but with eyes shining with the joy of success. Surely, to save a suffering body was worth any risk!

The angry men who waited for him in the edge of the wood saw his paleness, but did not note the gleam of triumph in his eye. They seized him by the arms, gagged him, and without any preliminaries dragged him to the same tree where, some years earlier, though for different causes, a similar tragedy had been enacted.

If the Doctor had any hope that the threat to hang him was after all a poor joke, he quickly gave it up when his captors put the noose around his neck and threw the rope over the great limb of the oak. When the gag was taken from his mouth, he tried to explain that all was well, but to no avail. One and all were thirsty for blood and vengeance.

Farewell messages were given to the leading spirit (none other than Lish Johnson), who promised to deliver them if he ever happened to meet any of the parties; the men tied a handkerchief over the doctor's face, set him on an old box that happened to be handy, drew the rope taut, fastened it securely, and were just ready to push the box from underneath when a man came running, out of breath to such a degree that he could hardly speak, and held up both hands. "Men," he said, "you don't know what you are doing."

It was the old Doctor who spoke, and never before had he received such a reception. The people were awed by his presence, but several distinct and menacing hisses were heard. One man jostled him, so that he all but fell, and if he had fallen his own body would have been the force which would have sent Doctor Lamb into another world. "You are killing an innocent man," he continued. Then, briefly, he told them of the operation, of the causes which led up to it and made it necessary, and of its final successful ending. At first his voice sounded weak and thin, but as he talked, and as his breathing became more normal, it took on a deeper, fuller tone. The men did not understand what he was talking about when he spoke of inflammatory appendicitis, but they did recognize the tone of authority, and they saw from his earnestness that he spoke the truth.

Accustomed to obey him, they desisted without a murmur, and before returning to their homes, they all shook the trembling hand of Doctor Lamb.

Fred F. G. Donaldson.

No-Man's Lane

When the train finally reached Cranberry Creek, among other passengers who got off, were two well dressed men of about the same size and appearance. Both were more observing and careful in every way than the other half-dozen passengers, with whom these men had traveled from New York, for their sharp, searching eyes took in at a glance everything that would have eluded the notice of the average person. The two men were of the Klinkton force in New York. The elder of them was first assistant to the company, while the other was a very keen, alert man who had been in the business for a good many years.

The town into which these two men had come was comparatively small, containing not more than a dozen streets, on which lived the employees of the canning factories of the vicinity. However, not all the inhabitants lived in the town, for on the road that ran past the tavern and out into the country for a few miles, the more well-to-do resided. Along this road lay large tracts of bog and waste land.

The distance to the tavern was so short that all the passengers walked thither, while the detectives, slowly walking up the main street, discussed the case they had in hand, which afterwards appeared about as follows:

—About a year previous to this time a man from Pittsburg—while touring the East—had one day walked out into the country on this same road that ran by the tavern, and that was the last that was ever seen of him. Extensive search was made for his body—since some supposed that he had become lost in the bogs—but with no result. Many, however, inclined to the belief that in some way his

disappearance was connected with a somewhat secluded old house near Mr. Maxwell's, whose house was a large white one. The old house for generations had been associated with the uncanny and mysterious, and at this time had been for several years inhabited by a man and two women, all of rather singular appearance, seldom seen, and but little known by the village folk. However, nothing came of the investigation made, and in a short time everything resumed its usual course. But within a fortnight before our story opens a second man —a pedlar—had disappeared in the same way, and the same opinions were again expressed, only a greater number than before were inclined to believe that the mysterious disappearances were in some way connected with the secluded house and its peculiar inmates. The tavern-keeper had become quite worked up over the affair and had written his ideas to the company whose men were now on the ground to unravel the mystery.

The next day the younger detective walked out into the country, carefully observing everything as he proceeded, for the other man had returned to New York early that morning. At last, after deep meditation, he decided that the only way to get into the very depths of the affair was to obtain lodgings, if possible, at the house around which all suspicions

were laid.

Accordingly, the next forenoon, he walked up to the house to execute his plan if possible. The door was opened by a young man of about twenty-four or five, dressed in an ordinary suit of clothes somewhat the worse for wear. The request to take his dinner at the house was courteously granted. In the room into which Mr. Crane, the detective stepped, were evidently the only other occupants of the house according to all reports, the sisters

of the young man. Each of the ladies received the stranger hospitably, but soon arose and left the room. Then the detective, upon the plea of desiring to obtain board and lodgings in a quiet spot where he could rest, and regain lost health, succeeded in making arrangements to remain there.

After a few days of careful observing, he found that the house was very large and somewhat in the shape of a cross. On all the floors, a hall ran the entire length of the house, and over almost the entire outside were large vines, grown to such an extent that in some places the blinds could not be opened or closed. The house stood on a small elevation within a twenty-acre lot, half of which was cultivated. The main doorway was on the east side of the building, which, in general, extended north and south. On the piece of property bordering on these grounds, was the large white house belonging to Mr. Maxwell. The lawn was well kept, fine trees and shrubs grew luxuriantly, and here and there were fine beds of flowers. The greatest attraction, however, was a fountain, which was surrounded by a frame covered with vines. On the opposite side, was a hewn-log house of the real old fashioned style (well covered with moss of many years' growth) that had not been affected by modern improvements; across the road was the afore mentioned bog.

A strange thing to the detective was the fact that there was always somebody around while he was in the Tuttle house. But the inmates of the house were always very pleasant and seemed to be simple, straight-forward people. Everything continued in about the same way for another fortnight, and he gradually became well acquainted with the people with whom he lived. But affairs soon took a different turn. Mysterious sounds could be

heard both by day and by night. A number of times while he was out enjoying the fine spring air on the south side of the house, the detective heard sounds issuing from above him as of one in pain or distress. At night, he found his door generally fastened from the outside, while noises—as of people walking—could be heard in the hall.

One night, upon hearing these noises in the hall, he tried the door and finding it unfastened, carefully opened it and peeped out. Much to his surprise, he saw a procession of two or three persons with a dim light slowly going down the south entry. Fearing he should not again be so fortunate as to find his door unfastened at night, he decided for the next night to conceal himself in a dark niche a short distance down the entry, and from there watch what might take place. From his hiding place he saw Mr. Tuttle, on the third night of his watch, fasten the door of his room, then pass quickly down the long corridor. An hour or so later, to his amazement, he saw four cloaked figures carrying a coffin come down the hall. Stealthily the detective followed the four, keeping well out of sight; at last the party reached the cellar, and here he beheld the burial of some person.

The next morning, he noticed that the young man and his sisters were dressed in deep mourning. All this puzzled him exceedingly, but as the days passed he became more and more firmly convinced that these people were not the criminals, and that he must hunt elsewhere to solve the mystery. He spent more and more time with the brother and sisters, and finally, in talking about his own life, got them to be confidential and later the young man—Mr. Tuttle—told him of their former life.

It appeared that the father had been a

lawyer in Philadelphia, but had been forced to leave the bar and had died as a result. While their mother lived, money that was to be theirs could not be touched, and so, to get this money in order to care for her and provide for themselves, she had long been represented as dead, when really she had died only a short time before, and had been buried in the cellar. Mr. Crane saw that they did not know what he knew regarding the subject, and so said nothing.

During his walks, Mr. Crane had made the acquaintance of Mr. Maxwell, the next neighbor, and had found him a peculiar character living entirely by himself. From various remarks and actions, Mr. Crane had become much more suspicious of Mr. Maxwell than of the Tuttles. He noticed, moreover, that Mr. Maxwell was continually inviting Mary Tuttle to come and see his garden and drink at the fountain, but for some reason she was

afraid of him and always refused.

After hearing and ascertaining all this, Mr. Crane took the Tuttles into his confidence about the case he was at work upon, and with their aid determined to carry out a plan he had in view. He then sent for two of his assistants, and the following afternoon the detectives and Mr. Tuttle hid themselves in the shrubbery near Mr. Maxwell's fountain. and waited for him to come out for his walk in the garden. About the same time, Mary came out of her house. Mr. Maxwell, as usual when he saw her, asked her into his yard, and this time she accepted the invitation, and came to the fountain with him.. As he stooped to get her a glass of water, Mr. Maxwell quickly pulled a ring belonging to a trap door, and Mary disappeared from view. The detectives and Mr. Tuttle sprang forward, as Mr. Maxwell let out a diabolical laugh, and

seized the man—who proved to be a dangerous maniac.

The work of opening the trap door and getting Mary out of the vault—which it proved to be—was the work of a few moments. On the floor of the vault also were seen the skeletons of the two men who had so mysteriously disappeared. An examination of the vault showed that it had once been the course of an underground stream which had drained the bogs of the surrounding land.

E. H. Williams, III.

"This is a footless proceeding," remarked the gymnast, as he went up the rope hand over hand.

—[Harvard Lampoon.

No. Seven—How did the prisoners escape?

No. Ten—They filed out after prayers.

—[Princeton Tiger.

There once was a young belle named Nell,
Who when skating one day fell pellmell,
And those standing near
Were astonished to hear
Her cry out in anger: "O, my!"
—[Princeton Tiger.

The Word of the Dead

Night was falling over the snow-covered hills, and in the west a few streaks of red were the last signs of daylight. The stars were beginning to twinkle in the sky, and in the south-east the silvery moon was just becoming visible. In the deep hollow between two hills, stood a little cabin, surrounded by pines and hemlocks. Silence reigned over all, only occasionally interrupted by the long wail of an owl, coming lamenting and uncanny, from a distant grove. The deep snow of the Canadian Northwest covered everything, the trees, the hills, and the valleys. A drift, heaped up on the north side of the cabin, formed a bulwark, shutting out the chill and partly concealing the building.

Suddenly the small figure of a man appeared, wearily trudging on snowshoes from the pines on the hillside. In one hand he carried a gun, while over his shoulder were slung a couple of hares and a mink, taken from his traps. He was dressed in a heavy cardigan jacket with a woolen sash, and corduroy breeches. Moccasins covered his feet, and a fur cap and mittens, with a huge scarr, completed his attire.

As Petit Jean opened the door of the cabin and struck a light, a look of terrible hatred and wrath was displayed on his face. With a curse he tossed the pelts into the corner. His traps had been robbed that day for the fourth time, and if this kept on he saw the results of his toil diminishing and hard times staring him in the face. He suspected the Englishman, Murray, a new comer, who lived in the valley by Front-Boeuf, several miles away, of

the robbery, but there was no proof. Petit Jean was a half-breed, a man of quick impulses, and like all his race, of murderous instincts when aroused, and his bearing that night boded ill for the man whom he suspected.

He lit the fire in the fire-place, but instead of cooking supper he sat brooding before the hearth, gazing into the flames and puffing moodily at his blackened pipe. From time to time he stirred uneasily, and finally he rose. Putting on his jacket and cap, he took his gun and snow-shoes and went out.

As he plodded along through the dusk, among the dark shadows, he muttered to himself. By the time that he had reached his destination, the cabin by Front-Boeuf, the moon was well up, and the gleam, reflected on the snow, made the night as light as day.

He made his way slowly up to the window of the cabin. Murray was sitting by the fireside, playing with a little child, while in the corner sat his young wife, sewing. With black murder in his heart, Jean reached for a gun-primer, and as he pulled it out, something dropped from his pocket to the ground. He stooped to pick it up, and looked at it for a moment. It was a lock of hair. He looked from it through the window, and then back again. He remembered that night four years ago, when the woman he loved had bidden him come to her to be with her in her last moments. She had sorrowfully told him how she regretted driving him away, but she could never have married him after what had taken place. How sadly he recalled the violent aitercation with her father, the body lying prone on the floor of the cabin, the blood streaming from a wound on the head, and the girl who had so lately loved him, standing over it, quivering with passion and sorrow. She had bidden him go, and forbade him ever to see her or ever think of her again. And then on her death-bed she had given him this lock of hair, and pledged him never again to do violence to any man, except in defence. Then she died.

A great sob shook his frame, and thrusting the lock into his pocket again, he strode off quickly into the darkness.

On his way home, he unconsciously took the route on which a line of his traps were set. As he shuffled along with bent head and heavy breathing, he noticed a line of snowshoe tracks in which he was walking. Quickly he stooped and examined them; then rising with a snarl, he hurried on along the discovered trail.

Soon he came to the first trap, and found it untouched, exactly as he had left it. On he hastened, and coming to the second one further on, found the snow about the trap blood-stained, and the trap itself sprung. He left it, and as he was approaching the third, after a longer walk, he saw a dark figure kneeling over it. A malevolent smile flitted over his features, and, cocking his gun, he whistled shrilly. As the figure bending over the traps straightened up, he raised his gun and cried, "Ah, now I got you!"

Approaching, he looked at the man, who stood in a dumb helplessness, with up-raised hands. It was not Murray, but an unknown half-breed. So blind a rage filled Petit Jean that he was about to pull the trigger when the thought of the little lock of hair came to him, and he cried out, "Leave you' gun an' go, an' if Ah ever catch you 'gain 'roun' here, Ah keel you sure! Go!"

The man left his gun and knife where they lay, and hurried off in the darkness, while Jean stood with his gun lowered, staring fixedly after him.

Back in the little cabin by Front-Boeuf, the baby was asleep in his cradle, while the Englishman and his wife sat happy together by the fire-side.

M. C. F.

Pots—What vas der matter mit Heinrich yet? I see dot he already flunked iss.

Tausend—Ach! Heinrich was ein goot student but he got Vassar on de brain.

-[Princeton Tiger.

You can hold a girl without having her, but you can't have a girl without holding her.

-[Harvard Lampoon.

"The old man gave me a suit case for Christmas."

"And my kid brother gave me the grippe."

-[Yale Record.

"Order!" cried the Judge, banging upon the desk. "Rye highballs," answered the jury in a chorus.

-[Yale Record.

Ceahes from Phillips Ing

Conducted by George T. Eaton, P. A. '73

'57—Amasa Clarke was born in Andover, January 14, 1844, and died in Brookline, October 26, 1907. During the civil war he was a member of the 44th Mass. regiment. He was treasurer of the Winthrop Mills Co., Winthrop, Me., and of the Clinton Mills, Norwich, Conn. Mr. Clarke was a wealthy and influential citizen of Brookline.

'66—Stephen S. Taft, of Springfield, has been elected District Attorney for the Berkshire-Hampden district.

'73—Henry V. Condict is a lawyer at 15 Exchange Place, Jersey City, N. J.

'87—Farnham Yardley and Miss Harriet Mullett Jenkins were married April 2, 1907, at Orange, N. J.

'89—Married at Randolph, Vt., August 8, 1907, Miss Lena Ellison to Edwin B. Weston of Derry, N. H.

'91—Rev. H. L. W. Snell is rector of St. James Church, Birmingham, Mich.

'93—Cornelius Porter Kitchel and Miss Edith Ray were married October 17, 1907, at Brooklyn, N. Y.

'95—Seth Enoch Moody graduated from Dartmouth in '98, taught for three years in Brazil, received the degree of Ph.D. from Yale in 1906, and is instructor in Analytical Chemistry in the University of Wisconsin, Madison, Wis.

'95—Miles S. Sherrill has been promoted to be assistant professor of Theoretical Chemistry at the Mass. Institute of Technology.

'97—Henry Stuart Hotchkiss and Miss Elizabeth Wyndham Washington were married October 9, 1907, at Wessyngton, Tenn.

'97—Claude J. Oliphant has been made manager of the Publicity Department of Longmans, Green & Co., New York City.

'97—After six years as a teacher in the Philippines, Reginald F. Smith has returned to his home in Lowell.

'99—Charles O. Day, jr., is house surgeon at the Free Hospital for Women, Brookline.

'99—Ralph Hill Melczer and Miss Grace Estelle Palmer were married October 29, 1907, at New York City.

'00—Thomas Day Thacher and Miss Eunice Booth Burrall were married November 9, 1907, at Waterbury, Conn.

'02—Edward E. Beals has recently written "The Law of Financial Success" which the Fiduciary Press of Chicago publish. Mr. Beals is vice-president and treasurer of the company.

'03—Henry F. Burns is assistant secretary of the Y. M.C. A. at Syracuse, N. Y.

'03—Carleton Huiskamp and Miss Laura Mc-Vay were married October 30, 1907, at Seattle, Wash.

'04—Married at Dorchester, October 30, Miss Edith Maxwell Chick to Gerald Joseph D'Arcy.

'04—Irving H. Gallyon is secretary and manager of The Fiduciary Press, Tacoma Building, Chicago, Ill.

'04—Fred H. Schmidt is teaching English and History at the Hitchcock Military Academy, San Rafael, Cal.

'05—Byron Wales Woodbury and Miss Eva Gifford were married August 7, 1907, at North Beverly.

'08—George A. Cowee is president of the freshman class at M. I. T.

The Phillips Andover Mirror

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The Andover Press, Printers

Editorials

For the third time since Captain Thompson's team was beaten by Exeter in 1904, the Andover eleven has closed its season by avenging this defeat upon its rivals. The memorable victory of Captain Hobbs two years ago and that of Captain Daly last year was followed by another, the eighth consecutive victory over Exeter in the three major sports, on the ninth, when the Red and Grey lost, nine to six, m one of the fiercest struggles ever witnessed between the two schools.

The Mirror heartily congratulates the team, the coach, and the trainer, but above all Captain Merritt. His name will be remembered

at the Academy with those of Hinkey, Butterworth, Bliss, Rafferty, Bloomer, Kinney, Cates, Hobbs, Bartholomew, and Daly, all men who have played the strongest, the pluckiest, and the cleanest of games and who have made Andover what she is in the football world.

We congratulate Captain Rosendale upon his election. He is one of the most conscientious and hard working men who ever wore an "A", and will be a worthy successor to Captain Merritt. May he be as successful!

We regret that through an error on our part the poem "Meerlied," which appeared in our last number, was assigned to the wrong person. The author, however, wishes that his name be with-held.



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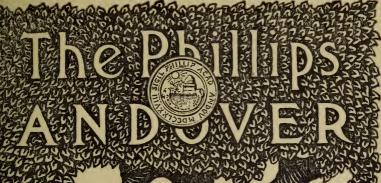
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Phillips Andober Mirror

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NEW SERIES

No. 4

A Story From Life

Bob, my dog, my cousin Sam and his dog, and I, had started out for a coon hunt. Our dogs had struck a trail, and we had followed, as best we could, now through stretches of pine forest, now among scrub palmetto, which was often up to our shoulders, and now across cane brake and orange grove.

We had very poor luck, and were in anything but a pleasant frame of mind when we began to notice thick, inky clouds in the sky. The moon heard the mournful bayings of our disconsolate dogs and veiled her face. Presently we heard the roll and crash of thunder, and felt large drops of rain. When it became so dark that we could scarcely see our hands before our faces, we made a break for the nearest shelter, which happened to be a log cabin with a large mud chimney running up the outside of one end.

I do not think I shall ever forget the reception which the man who lived in the cabin gave to us, perfect strangers. It was nearly midnight, but he got up and let us in, at the same time apologizing for the lack of a lamp by saying that his kerosene was "jest out and he hed hed no time et all to go and get more."

The inside of the cabin was very plain, boasting no decorations except the long, grotesque shadows which the burning pine-knots cast, and here and there a pelt, so hung that it did double duty in relieving the monotony of the bare logs and covering some crack so that the wind was checked. There was one skin in particular that attracted my attention, a rattlesnake skin, hung just beneath the ears of a mule. I was so impressed with the combination of the two that I asked him where he got them, and he very kindly began, as he said, "at the beginning of things", and told a story, the pathos of which cannot be fully realized unless one has been to Florida both before and after the big freeze in ninety-four.

"I wah ty'ahed 'nd tolerably et outs with life. For ten long years I hed been strugglin' 'nd worryin' with fifteen acahs ef orange 'nd grape fruits 'nd hed 'em jest whah they wah totin' tolerable dividends my way, when thet pesky freeze lit down jest like this hyah storm to-night - no mo' hint ef its coming then you-alls hed when you started out. ain't no-ways what you'ns could call pessimistic, but I shoo'ly wah sorter limp, 'nd life wah the hardest thing I hed to buck up against fer awhile, 'nd don't you'ns thing 'twan't, when we'ns found our trees right shuhly killed. It jest didn't seem right, 'nd no thinkin' could make it seem better. At last I said 'no more Clarcona fer Jack English'.

"None my folks hed ever done any movin' sence we came down from Georgia early in the fifties, 'nd they wah all powerful opposed to my goin', but I wah thet set thet it wa'n't long 'fore I hed let my place to a Yankee shark who wah goin' to raise early garden stuff, sech as beans, tomatoes, 'nd salad fer northern markets. I hung on ter all the ready cash I could get, packed my personal belongin's in the wagon, 'nd wah off fer Caloosahatchee

bottom lands.

"There wa'n't no great number of people hyar then, but I reckoned as how 'twould

thicken up right smart—bein' so fer down. You-alls see 'twa'n't sech bad reckoning," he added, with just a faint trace of pride discernible in his voice, and then continued: "'Twa'n't much ef a trip,—took 'bout two weeks,—'nd we wah by ourselves most the time. We didn't see much ef nobody 'cept et places like Bartow, Bowling Green, 'Cadia, 'nd the like, but I hed amusement. When 'twa'n't shootin', 'twah pacifyin' Fraulec.

"Fraulec wah the most onery, 'nd altogether stubborn animal, at times, thet you'ns ever see'd. He wah mulish 'nd then some athletic. He could jump anything he could clim'; could run backwards faster nor vou could set on his back; could stand es still es a gopher without slightest warnin'; could walk on his head or his hind legs es he saw fit; and would drop like he wah shot ef any tried ter use spurs on him. It was because of his everlastin' love fer athletics when he ought ter hev been doin' somethin' else thet he wah called 'The Corrupt One' in Clarcona, 'nd every one shied when he wah too clost to 'em, but I knowed his tricks so well, 'nd he knowed mine, too-jest don't ferget thet-thet we wah tolerably fond ef each other. Them's his ears jest over thet snake hide.

"I'm a mite queer, I recken, about them ears. It seems ef they could hear, and I sometimes think they twitch like es they used to, but I reckon thet's jest imagination. I like ter sit 'nd talk to 'em when no one's 'round, fer they saved me once."

Here the old man paused, relit his pipe, and puffed vigorously, while Sam and I continued to do full justice to the oranges and grape fruit which were at hand.

"It wan this way," he began at last, "we wan out fer deer, Fraulec 'nd myself, 'nd I hed jest chenced to see a cotton top in ther

distance 'nd hed slid down to shoot, fer I knew Fraulec wa'n't fond ef people bangin' from his back. In fact the last fellow who hed did it—beat the shot out, 'nd both deer 'nd

he wah put outah business.

"Wall, as I was savin', I jest got down 'nd didn't pay no kind ef 'tention whah I wah goin' but jest took aim 'nd let bang. The shot hedn't cleared the gun hardly when Fraulec grabbed my shoulder, 'nd give me a mighty swing, 'nd I landed some three feet er yards from whah I started. I wah so pesky mad thet I started ter usin' strong language, but I soon calmed down, fer I see'd, almost in the very spot where I hed been standin', thet er snake, whose skin hangs up yonder, jest beginnin' ter coil up. O' course I killed it, 'nd started back home, fer my shoulder pained quite some. I don't reckon I hed gone more'n half hour when Fraulec began to limp and · look around jest es any animal will when you are working them 'nd they are in pain. I got off, 'nd 'twa'n't long before I see'd jest what hed happened. The critter hed saved me, but hed not gotten outen the way himself. I did my best ter save him, but it wah hopeless from the start."

The large tears were glistening in his eyes, and once more he stopped and smoked. We thought the story ended; but he began again, slowly, and with a catch in his voice, which he tried to conceal: "It's a mite strange, but I kept them ears 'nd gave the body of Fraulec a good Christian burial, fer he hed come jest as nigh to bein' human es an animal could."

Outside, the storm still raged; so we lay down on some skins which he drew from beneath the bunk, and slept till the rising sun awoke us next morning to a breakfast of cornpone, fried bacon, and black coffee.

Fred F. G. Donaldson.

The Black Hox

It was winter in the Canadas, and the snow lay deep on the land. Two trappers in snowshoes were hastening over the western trail, and, though they were clothed in fur, they were shivering, for a cutting wind blew ice from the north, and it was very cold. They were strong men, and rough, as was their trade; yet their faces were haggard and their eves filled with terror, for back on the trail lay a dead man — one who had been their friend. There he lay, clutching his fur pack, his unseeing eyes looking after them. There were signs of a struggle about him, and, where before had been two tracks on the ice crust, now there was only one. This track the trappers were following, their hearts so filled with anger that sorrow was almost forgotten.

They snow-shoed on in silence. The miles behind them slowly increased, but their goal was still far away. It was late in the year, the time when night takes much from day, and now only scattered ribbons of twilight lingered in the sky. The moon, coming up, silvered the snow-covered land, and, as it rose higher, it cast afar its pathway close set with myriads of glittering diamonds, and the whole heaven, from pole to pole, was "thick inlaid with patines of bright gold". Below, on the trail, moved the trappers, insignificant specks of darkness on the vast white plain. They were numb with cold and fatigue, but the desire for vengeance drove them on.

At last, when faint and almost discouraged, they came upon an Indian wigwam, beside the smouldering camp-fire of which, a squaw was sitting, stirring, with her long finger nails, a pot of hot moose meat.

The woman sprang to her feet when she

saw them, the white gleaming in her eyes and her features twitching with terror, for white men were few in that country, and she knew what these men had come for. Without speaking, she ran to the wigwam, and, flinging its flap aside, disclosed the bowed form of an old Indian. "Mis-sen-a-bo", cried the trappers, "we have found a dead man back on the trail. Tell us what you know of him, tell us all, or we shall kill you." The squaw crouched low over the grey head of the Indian. They were two wild animals at bay, each seeking the protection of the other. The woman was the stronger, and Mis-sen-a-bo looked to her for help in his weakness. But her eyes were fixed on the white men, no look or act of whom escaped her. Then, falteringly, Mis-sen-a-bo replied.

"What the Long Knives say, I do not know. They speak of murder and of dead men, but

I do not understand."

"We know nothing," broke in the squaw: "The Long Knives are fools, they are come only to steal our beaver."

But the trappers answered them boldly. "Mis-sen-a-bo, you can keep no secrets from us, who are of the Hudson Bay; tell us all, or we shall kill you." Then slowly the old chief spoke: "I will tell the Great Company what I heard, but I saw nothing. We hated that dead Long Knife much, for he had often stolen our beaver and mink skins. We had followed him for many days over the snow and were waiting to kill him when he should be sleeping, but another knife first reached his white heart. It was my brother's, Swa-ni-gobbo's. Perhaps the Long Knife knows not how the Indian loves the little black fox. My brother is very old, and he has trapped all his life for the black fox, and when in the last moon he found it, he wept and was glad.

Each night he slept with it beside him, and all the days he carried it in his bosom. But that dead Long Knife came. He saw the ghost fox, and he gave my brother much fire-water and took his child away. When my brother, Swa-ni-gob-bo, awoke, he followed the trail of the Long Knife, and in great anger he killed him; so once more he had his black fox, and we were content.

"Now he has set out to the post of the Great Company, where he will get us much money, much food, much fire-water. We are grown too old to hunt now, and it will be good to sit without working, and eat all the day long. Go, Long Knives, and leave us in peace!"

The Indians had finished their story, they had told all they knew of the killing; so the trappers left the wigwam and began again their wearisome journey. The night was far gone, and, in the misty light, the ground seemed to fly under their snow-shoes, for the tracks they were following were fresh in the ice crust, and they knew that their quarry was near. Suddenly one stumbled and fell, at full length over a heap in the snow-drift, and as the other stooped to lift him, they both recognized the thing over which he had fallen, and which was lying so still in the dim light—it was an old Indian, and pressed close to his face was the pelt of a beautiful black fox.

Homer, Keats, Theocritus
In their way may speak to us,
But I much prefer to hear
Just a maiden whisper "Dear!"

[Yale Record.

Dante's Debt to Virgil

Poetry is the highest expression of the human soul. It alone expresses, in its highest conception, the soul's striving toward the goal that is always just beyond its grasp. Poetry has all the melody of music, the vividness of painting and sculpture, and the life interest of the drama. But the reward of the poet, too, is equal to his service, for to him alone is given the eternal laurel crown of victory. When the deeds of Alexander, of Caesar, and of Napoleon have faded from the mind of man, the world will vet remember the wanderings of Odysseus and Aeneas and will descend and ascend again with Dante into regions that eve hath ne'er seen. so around the works of all the great masters of literature there have grown up numberless commentaries explaining the origin of every thought, metaphor, and almost every word: till, as we finish our study and find that Shakespere found his "Julius Caesar" almost entire in Plutarch and Milton, his "Paradise Lost" in the old English "Paraphrase" of Caedmon, we begin to wonder after all, in what the glory of the poet consisted. But as we read again our Milton or our Shakespere. we see again the genius of the master. Although another may have laid the foundations, the marvelous edifice erected upon it is the work of the master poet. And we recognize more and more the genius of the master who could take from the rough quartz, the glittering gold that lies before us.

As one would not think of thoroughly understanding the "Idylls of the King" without reading Malory, or the poetic dramas of Wagner without a knowledge of the Nibelangenlied, so one can not thoroughly compre-

hend Dante's "Divine Vision" without a knowledge of the sources from which it is derived. These sources divide naturally into four groups: the Bible, the Odyssey and the Iliad, the Aeneid, and contemporary Italian writers. To treat of them all in the short space of this essay would be too vast an undertaking; so we will consider Virgil alone, of whom Dante himself says,

"Thou art my author and my master, thou, From thee alone I took that marvelous style That has done honor to me,"

believing that in the Aeneid will be found the true source of the "Divine Comedy".

Even the most casual reader, as he peruses those wonderful cantos, cannot fail to notice how much the Florentine owes to the Mantuan poet, and to the thoughtful and more careful student this becomes yet more apparent.

We find in the literature existing in Dante's time many descriptions of the life beyond the grave, especially in the eleventh book of the Odvssey, in Cicero's "Vision of Scipio", and in the "Vision of Fratre Abberico", but in none of them is to be found the clear, picturesque description that is found in the sixth book of Virgil's Aeneid. Odvsseus did not descend into the infernal regions but summoned up the spirits of the dead much as the witches in "Macbeth" did for Banquo. Cicero discoursed to his nephew of the future life but did not descend with him into the nether world; and although the "Vision of Fratre Abberico" resembles the work of Dante in many respects, still its tediousness and monastic scholasticism made it of little use to the poet. And so we must admit that the Aeneid is the most probable source of the "Divine Comedy"; and Dante himself gives credence

to this view by selecting Virgil as his guide

for the journey.

Now as we have found how much Dante owes to Virgil in the main outline of the poem. let us follow the travelers on their journey through the land from which "no mortal e'er returns", and try to discover more concrete and positive instances of Virgil's influence.

The first Virgilian touch we notice is in the

description of Charon.

"The old man coming, with hair of old, * * * * the ferryman of the livid fen, Who 'round about his eyes had wheels of flame."

is sure to remind one of Virgil's lines, "An old man guards these floods and rivers, Charon, of frightful slovenliness, on his head a load of grev hair neglected lies; his eyes aflame, his vestments hang from his shoulders by a knot with filth o'er grown." Even Limbo, which the travelers next approach, though it is naturally of a purely Christian origin, has its parallel in Virgil's description of the infants "whom, bereaved of sweet life out of the course of nature, and snatched from the breast, a black death took off and buried in an untimely grave."

It is, however, when the travelers approach the city of Dis that one is most forcibly struck with the similarity of Virgil's Tartarus and Dante's infernal city; in both there is the same wall of iron that "no strength of men nor gods could with steel demolish", and the same Tisiphone, "with her bloody robes tucked up around her", sits at the gate of both Infernal cities.

It is in the wood of the suicides that we next notice Virgil's influence. When Dante attempts to pick a twig from one of the trees, a voice calls upon him to desist. So in Virgil, when Aeneas attempts to pluck some myrtle and cornel branches for the altar, the voice of Polydorus intreats him to leave him undisturbed.

In the last round of the "Inferno", Dante, too, saw Tityus whom Virgil describes as "the foster child of all-bearing Earth whose body is extended over nine full acres, and a huge vulture with her hooked beak pecking at his immortal liver", and also Aegaeon, the giant with a hundred hands, whom Virgil mentions in the tenth book of the Aeneid.

These are only a few of the most important instances of the influence of the Aeneid on the "Divine Comedy". Besides these there are countless likenesses in thought, word, and idea that show that Dante was a careful student of his master.

In the "Purgatorio" and the "Paradiso", there are fewer references to Virgil's work and fewer traces of his influence, as would naturally be expected, since the general idea of an intermediate state in which the soul atones for its previous sins before passing into the region of eternal bliss was developed by the monastic scholars of the Middle Ages, and since the "Paradiso" consists for the most part of theological disputations of such writers as Saint Thomas of Aquinas. However, there are two points worth noticing in these parts of the "Divine Comedy": the selection of Cato as the guardian of the gate in Purgatory and his greeting with his ancestor Cacciaguida in the "Paradiso".

In the description of the shield of Aeneas, (Aeneid X) Cato is represented as presiding over the good in the Tartarean realms; "and the good apart, Cato dispensing laws to them". This line of Virgil's probably suggested to Dante the idea of making Cato the warden of Purgatory as his natural position would have

been with the unbaptized in the outer circle of Hell.

The meeting of Aeneas and Anchises and of Dante and his ancestor bear such a close resemblance that even Dante himself remarked that,

"Thus piteous did Anchises' shade reach forward, If any faith our greatest muse deserve, When in Elysium he his son perceived."

Thus, as we read the poem of Dante more and more closely, we see how thoroughly saturated he was with the poetry of Virgil and we are forced to admit that few poets have owed as much to another as Dante owes to Virgil.

Howard T. Foulkes.

Said fond Mama to Willie's aunt,
"You haven't seen my sunburst yet."
"I will," said Auntie, "if he eats
That seventh piece of pie, you bet!"
[Cornell Widow.

Billy (critically)—"I can't see why you wear your automobile skirt so short." Geraldine (disappointedly)—"You can't?"

[Cornell Widow.

First Proud Parent—"My son is very literary; he writes for money and pays all his college expenses by doing it."

Second Proud Parent—"So does mine — in every letter."

[Cornell Widow.

The Advantages of the Panama Canal

It has long been a project not only of many great men, but also of nations, to join the two mightiest of oceans, the Atlantic and the Pacific, by an artificial means, across that narrow neck of land which now separates North and South America.

What an advantage this would bring to the United States in the matter of mere travel alone! By means of a canal so constructed the water distance from New York to San Francisco would be shortened 8,000 miles and practically the same amount to Yokohama, Shanghai, Hawaii, and the Philippines. This saving of distance would also be of infinite value in time of war, for the memorable trip of the Oregon will be readily called to mind. Think what a difference it would have made if there had been a Panama Canal then!

By means of such a canal, the United States would be brought into close contact with China, Japan, the East Indies, and the Philippines. All these countries can use United States products to a limitless extent. One third of their trade would make us famous as one of the world's greatest providers, and we could secure this trade if we desired.

South America's Pacific coast, too remote now for American products and manufactures to have even a foothold, can be wrested from England and Germany, when the canal is completed.

To-day, the United States exports only three per cent. of what she manufactures. Our exports to Canada last year were twenty-four times those to South America. And yet, that same year, although we paid South America \$12,000,000 for coffee, hides, etc., we

paid still more in England instead of in America for the luxuries and common necessities of life. What is the reason for this great difference between the statistics of trade intercourse with out adjacent neighbor? It is evidently the lack of proper transportation facilities under the American flag, for the adage that "trade follows the flag" has come to be looked upon as something other than a mere figure of speech.

An estimate of the entire cost of the canal cannot be less than \$225,000,000. It will cost \$4,000,000 to operate it each year, and if we add to this the sum required for accidents and repairs it will cost \$13,000,000 per annum. The total receipts for toll, found by a comparison of the Suez and Panama canals, cannot be more than \$12,000,000 each year. It is, therefore, an inevitable truth that the direct increment of canal cannot for many years yield what, in a commercial enterprise, could be called a profit. The only way in which to make the canal pay indirectly, is to make it an absolute necessity for the development of a mighty commercial purpose which will carry American products in United States ships not only to her present foreign markets, but also to many new ones.

The United States has developed resources from field, forest, and mind, and has devised innumerable contrivances for making over the natural products into finished articles which appeal to all mankind. Why should we forward these products of field and workshops through foreign markets? Would it not be better to send them direct in our own vessels and thus make the transaction independent of any outside nation?

To-day, the United States has a population of over 75,000,000 people, and by the time the canal is completed there will be nearly 100,- 000,000. Then sea transportation will have become a necessity to relieve the already over-crowded railway system.

Should we not, therefore, greatly increase our shipping industry in order to be able to meet the coming demand in the enlargement of commerce? Should we not make every possible effort while the canal is being completed, so that, when it is finished, the United States can at once reap the full advantages of its outlook upon a new commercial era?

H. S. West.

"I chafe against the regulations," murmured the college girl as she prepared the surreptitious Welsh rarebit at 2 a.m.

-[Harvard Lampoon.

The Eskimo sleeps in his little bear skin And likes it so I am told.

So I tried to sleep in my little bare skin And caught an awful cold.

-[Cornell Widow.

Lives there a stude with soul so dead,
Who never to his friends has said,
When he flunked a nice cinch-course exam.,
I knew I wouldn't pass it!
Fudge.

--[Cornell Widow.

Professor (disgustedly)—"This is the thirteenth time you have failed, Mr. Buck. Aren't you afraid of busting?"

Mr. Buck (languidly)—"Naw; I ain't superstitious!"

-[Cornell Widow.

Ceaves from Phillips Ing

Conducted by George T. Eaton, P. A. '73

'34-Ephraim Adams was born in New Ipswich, N. H., February 5, 1818, and graduated from Dartmouth College in 1839 and from Andover Seminary in 1843. As a member of the historic Andover Iowa band he went to that territory in the fall of 1843 and remained there till his death at the age of nearly 90 years. He served as pastor at Mount Pleasant, Davenport, Decorah and Eldora. He was one of the original trustees of Iowa College. Mr. Adams was one of fifty students who withdrew from Phillips Academy because they were denied the privilege of joining an anti-slavery society. An excellent portrait of Dr. Adams is given in the Home Missionary for January, 1908. He died at Waterloo, Ia., November 30, 1907.

'44—Robert Bell, a member of G. A. R., Post 99, who served in the civil war as a private in Company H, First Massachusetts Heavy Artillery, was born at Great Falls, N. H., and died in Andover December 11, 1907. Mr. Bell for many years was janitor of the Andover Town Hall.

'54—Judge Robert R. Bishop, who presided at the first session of the Supreme Civil Court for Middlesex County, held at East Cambridge, was, at the close of the December term, presented by the jury a gold-headed cane, made from wood taken from the frigate Constitution. Judge Bishop was formerly president of the Phillips Board of Trustees.

'55—Charles Augustus Young was a teacher of Latin and Greek in Phillips from '53 to '55. He was born in Hanover, N. H., December 15, 1834, and died there January 3, 1908. He was a graduate of Dartmouth in 1853, from '57 to '66, was a professor at Western Reserve in Cleveland, O., from '66 to '77 was a professor at Dartmouth and for nearly thirty years was professor of astron-

omy at Princeton. He was one of the foremost astronomers in the United States. During the civil war he was a captain in the 85th Ohio Volunteers.

- '58—Elisha Stiles Lyman was born in Montreal, Canada, August 15, 1841, graduated from Yale in '62, studied law at McGill University, and was admitted to the bar in 1866. He preached first as a Congregationalist and later as a member of the Plymouth Brethren. He died at Albuquerque, N. M., November 9, 1907.
- '69—Joseph Everett Garland graduated from Harvard in 1873 and from the Harvard Medical School in 1877. His practice was in Gloucester and he became an eminent physician of Cape Ann. He died in Gloucester, December 16, 1907.
- '69—Franklin Samuel Hatch was born in Chelsea, Vt., August 12, 1846, graduated from Amherst in '73 and from Hartford Theological Seminary in '76. His pastorates were at West Hartford, Conn., and Monson. For three years he was Secretary of the Hartford Seminary and for several years was general secretary of the Christian Endeavor Association for India, Burmah and Ceylon. He died in Brookline, December 24, 1907.

'70—Nathan H. Dole has written "The Pilgrims" issued by the University Press.

'87—Charles Gibbs Carter is practicing law at 1508 Park Building, Pittsburg, Pa., and is general counsel for the Carter Oil Co.

'87—John C. Machale is a division superintendent of the Carter Oil Co., Sistersville, W. Va.

'91—Samuel M. Russell is superintendent of the Toledo, Peoria and Western Railway, Peoria, Ill.

√ '93—Frank William Conant died December 3, 1907, in the government hospital at Gatun, Canal Zone, Isthmus of Panama.

'98—Shirley G. Ellis has a position in the sales department of the Carnegie Steel Co., in the Carnegie Building, Pittsburg, Pa.

'99—Sol Metzger has an article entitled "Frontier Days" in the November number of "Recreation". His address is 3641 Locust Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

"99 Edward Ryman was a member of the photographic jury of the American Salon held last September in Pittsburg.

'oo—Ralph T. Davis is with the Pope Motor Car Co., Indianapolis, Ind.

'00—Francis H. Fobes has been appointed instructor in Latin at Harvard University.

'oo—Thomas Bayne Hemming is a civil engineer employed by the U. S. government in the Canal Zone.

'oo—George Landrus is in the sales department of the Carnegie Steel Co., Pittsburg, Pa.

'oı—Harold Townsend is with W. H. Filmore & Co., 111 East Fourth Street, Cincinnati, O.

'02—Richard V. Dennison is drilling oil wells for the American Oil Development Co., Oblong, Crawford County, Ill.

'02—Abel B. Palmerton's address is 275 Clinton Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Instructor—"What is the largest diamond you know of?"

Student-"The Ace."

—[Cornell Widow.

Little Willie on the track Didn't hear the bell: Toot! Toot! Sausage.

—[Cornell Widow.

Sporty—"Swell tie that—did Sis knit it for you?"

Shorty—"No—Budd."

—[Yale Record.

The Phillips Andover Mirror

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The Andover Press, Printers

Editorials

The Christmas holidays are over, and we have come back to the "stiffest term in the vear", as it is generally called. But this is more of a name than anything else, for most fellows find that the much dreaded increase of study of the winter term is a myth. Nevertheless, the opportunity for outdoor sports being greatly diminished, there is indeed an increased amount of time for-to come to the point at once—for those who are unable to help the school on the track and rink, and in the "gym", to show their lovalty by attempting to help the literary phase of its life, be it to ever so small a degree, by their contributions. As has been said before, "Every little bit helps".

The instructors in English made the follow

ing rewards of the McLanahan Prizes for the fall term, which we take great pleasure in recording: the first prize of ten dollars to Alfred Louis Baury, Jr., '09, Brookline, for his story, "Mary Ann Speaks", in the October number; the second prize of five dollars to Marston Clough Flanders, '09, Vineyard Haven, for his story, "The Word of the Dead", in the November number.

In this number we publish the essay, "Dante's Debt to Virgil", by Howard T. Foulkes, '07, Milwaukee, Wis., which won first prize in the competition for the Potter Prizes at Commencement last June. The essay which was awarded second prize in the same competition, "The Panama Canal", by Joseph T. West, '07, Princeton, is also a part of this issue.



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Phillips Andover Mirror



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EDITORIAL.



Phillips Andober Mirror

FOUNDED 1854

Vol. 1II. NEW SERIES No. 4

When Circumstantial Evidence Failed to Prove

Frederick Douglas had been adopted, when a very small child, by the Widow Goodline. He was, she told her friends, an experiment, an attempt to prove her pet hobby that environment is a more powerful force than heredity. She sent him to a Northern school, where he prepared for college; and then she sent him to Harvard.

If his career in preparatory school was satisfactory, his life at Harvard was doubly so; he was voted the best looking fellow in his class, was on the eleven, and was graduated with honors.

In all these years she never told him anything about his family, whose name he bore. She had even made Douglas promise not to look up his relatives, assuring him that when he was well started in life she should tell him all about his parentage.

After he had been graduated from college, he asked her whether she did not think that he was old enough to know the facts of his early life, but she put him off by saying that she would tell him when he returned from a year's study in Europe.

It was during the first months of his absence from America that he met Irene Lanier. The fact that their parents were both natives of Georgia drew out a feeling of good fellowship between them. Moreover, the very obvious fact that she was the most brilliant and most beautiful girl he had ever met was reason enough, if he had asked the reason, for his adoring her.

With Miss Lanier it was love almost from the first meeting. She liked his jolly, deepset black eyes, and almost envied him his wavy, black hair, although she knew that her chestnut was far more becoming to her than black could ever have been. She was sure that his parents must have been refined people although perhaps too impoverished by the recent war to undertake raising him.

The question of his ancestry did not seem a very important one to them at the time; at any rate not of enough importance to prevent their becoming engaged.

The morning after their betrothal, Douglas received a cablegram from Charleston, announcing the sudden death of his guardian, Mrs. Goodlin, and requesting his immediate return.

When Douglas reached Charleston, he found that he was sole heir to her estate, and independently rich; but he failed to find any record of his birth or parentage, until, one day, he discovered a clue in the form of an old missionary magazine which contained a

marked article and was signed by J. Douglas, T—, Ark.

Sitting down at his desk, he wrote two letters; one to J. Douglas, stating what little he knew of his history; and one to Miss Lanier, telling her that something told him that he had at last found the right track.

A week later, he sat, with clenched teeth, staring at an open letter out of eyes that for one moment flashed with anger, chagrin, and rage, and then were dull with hopeless despair. The letter was an answer to the inquiry sent to J. Douglas, and it speaks for itself.

My Dear Sir and Friend:-

Your very interesting letter of recent date to hand. I am always glad to hear from a Douglas and of course was glad to hear from you. I am interested in the bit of historical connection which you mention in your letter. There is no question now in my mind about the origin of our names and the families from which we spring. According to all the information that I have, there is blood relation between the sources of my name and yours.

However, my father was the slave of Frank Douglas of Georgia, and he comes by the name thus: Frank Douglas reared my father, and my father was sold after the death of Mr. Douglas. Papa always loved him very dearly, and, notwithstanding the fact that he was sold several times and had to bear the name of each respective owner, he never forgot the name of his youth and young manhood. Hence, at the emancipation, he registered as

Gustavus Douglas.

I am his eldest child by his second wife of slave time days. His first wife was taken from him and died in slavery. His only child by her was sold with its mother. Its name was Frederick,—that is all I know.

. My wife and I have six dear children who, we hope, will do their part toward furthering the Lord's work. Hoping to hear from you again before long, I remain,

Affectionately Yours

Joseph Douglas

At first Frederick vowed that no one should ever know that he had received the letter. Why should anyone care if he did have negro blood in his veins? Was he not as capable as any white man? That night he reached his decision, and the next morning Joseph Douglas's letter, accompanied by one of his own, in which he held out the forlorn hope that there might be some mistake, went to Miss Irene, who was then at her home in Richmond.

Douglas himself boarded the train and went to the little town in Arkansas where the writer of the important letter lived. He was determined to leave no stone unturned in his attempt to prove or rather disprove his connection with the negro race.

The home of J. Douglas was not difficult to find, and he hurried to it with a feeling that he was forever sealing his doom. The Rev. Joseph Douglas met him at the door. It was a case of Greek meeting Greek.

The elder was about the same height, with the same upright carriage, and the same expression in his eyes.

His hair was crinky instead of wavy, and his lips a trifle thicker, and his skin a shade darker, but the resemblance was too striking to escape the notice of either.

Frederick questioned his host closely and soon learned all that he had to tell. His former master's family were all dead; not even a relative was alive as far as he knew.

The young man was heart broken, and sadly started back home. In a letter to Miss Lanier he told her everything, and said that, though he knew that he ought simply to go away, he did not have the courage to go and would leave the decision with her. If she cared to see him, she was to send him word to come; if not, he would not bother her.

When he reached Charleston, he found a telegram with the one word 'come' written on it, and signed "I. L." He did not stop for dinner before he started for Richmond.

Douglas was wholly unprepared for the reception which he received at Hazelhurst, the Lanier mansion in Richmond. He was not even allowed to see any of the family, but a negro footman gave him a note from Miss Irene's father, which stated emphatically what Colonel Lanier thought of Douglas's presumption and brazenness in daring to come near Miss Lanier. Briefly and concisely, the old Colonel's ideas on the black race in general were expressed, and they did not make

Douglas one mite happier.

There was nothing else to do; so once more Douglas went to his own home, confident that the world held no happiness for him.

In the dark days that followed, he fought terribly with an insane desire to end his life. He debated whether he should take poison or shoot himself. He read the newspapers daily in order to get such details of recent suicides as they furnished.

One night he sat before his desk, on which he placed two vials and a revolver. He fondled first one, then the other. There was almost a smile on his face as he let his fingers run lightly along the shiny, nickle-plated barrel of the revolver.

He uncorked the bottle nearest him, and cocked the revolver. Then he picked up one with his left hand and the other with his right. In a moment all would have been over, but just at that instant he remembered his guardian's words: "My boy, never dare to shun your duty here by ending your life." She seemed to be present in person and to grasp his arm just as she grasped it once, years before, when, in a fit of anger, he had grabbed a case knife and threatened to kill himself. He threw the bottles into the great fireplace and put the revolver back into the case. For the first time he saw life as it really was and determined to stick it out at nay cost but to go where he was not known.

That same night Miss Lanier reached a decision which cost her more than anybody

really knew. After telegraphing to Douglas, she pleaded with her father. How her father felt is not hard for us to guess. She was told plainly that if she ever saw, wrote, or spoke to Douglas again he would disinherit her, and he meant every word.

For two weeks she wavered between her love for her family, its history, and its old traditions, and her love for Douglas; but at last her love for Douglas conquered, and the next morning she left her father's house, unattended by her maid, and without even a suit case. She went to the home of her chum and stayed with her until Douglas could reach her; then they were quietly married and went back to Charleston.

Her father was as good as his word and had her name stricken out of the family Bible.

One night, almost a year after their marriage, Irene rushed into her husband's study, her face glowing with excitement. She held an envelope high above her head. "I've found it, I've found it," she cried. "Oh, Fred, you are all right. I found it, dear, just by accident. It was in a blind drawer in the quaint old writing desk in my room.

The contents of the envelope were the papers of adoption which Mrs. Goodline had made out, and with them the following history of his birth.

His father was the nephew of Gustavus Douglas. He had lost everything he had in the war, except his life, and he took that himself after striving vainly for several years,

trying to give his young wife some of the luxuries to which she had been accustomed.

His mother, who had been a very high strung, nervous woman, died from a broken heart in less than a year, and he was left to the kind mercies of a negro mammy who did her best to support both him and herself by working out in the cotton fields. Here it was that Mrs. Goodline found him, and then adopted him.

When Douglas finished reading the account, he looked up, with shining face, and a glad light in his eyes that had not been there for many days and said: "I know how it must seem to be freed from prison. Now even your father will have to forgive you, darling."

His wife was scarcely able to contain herself. She was so full of joy over her discovery that she did not let the opportunity pass to impress upon him her sagacity, for she said: "You know if I had done as you wanted me to, you might never have known that you are not a negro." Then she gave him another kiss and said: "But aren't you glad to know, Honey, that I love you just because you're you."

"Kay Ex."

KIND LADY (to tramp)—" Poor man, how did you ever happen to become a tramp?"

TRAMP—"Please, mum, I was a Wall Street broker and —"

KIND LADY—"Here is ten cents. Go and buy a copper mine."

-Harvard Lampoon.

The Wood-Thrush

- Have you lingered in the forest, far from busy haunts of men,
- Where the hemlocks lift their columns, close about a cloistered glen,
- On some brown log's mossy bosom, flecked with lichens' silvery grey,
- While the song-birds hushed their music, resting with the closing day,
- While the sun sank to the westward, and the earth in silence lay?
- Have you heard the vesper chorus of the woodbirds in the brush,
- When the gurgling of the streamlet, and the wandering breezes hush?
- Come the bell notes of the sparrow, sounding curfew o'er the land.
- That the silence may be perfect, for the thrush's solo grand;
- E'en the echoes seem to harken to the whitethroat's clear command.
- From the tree-tops comes a whisper, like a silver flute-note clear,
- Tears and sorrow, anguish, passion, in those low tones you may hear.
- Like the swelling of an anthem sounds the murmur of the song,
- As it echoes down the arches o'er a dim cathedral's throng,
- And pauses mid the shadows of the vaulted transepts long.
- Then it higher climbs and higher, speaks of love and ventures bold,
- Whispers of the woodland secrets, hints of queer tales never told.
- Soon, like violin played by master, melts the theme away to tears,
- Shudders over ghostly fancies, speaks of death and midnight fears,

Of the end of all ambitions,—buried in the mists of years.

At last it dies away to silence, but you sit and listen still.

To the bubbling note of laughter, stealing from the woodland rill.

When you hear that song at even, sitting there remote from men,

While the last rays of the sunset gild the treetops in the glen,

And the wind dies in the hemlocks, do not envy monarchs then.

W. R. Barbour, '08.

Are there any courses in Yale open to take? Yes, the Senior, Junior, and Sophomore Germans.

-Yale Record.

SHE-"Junior Prom! Oh! I want to go the worst possible way!"

HE-"All right. Take the Lehigh Valley."

-Cornell Widow.

Breathes there the man with soul so dead Who never to himself hath said, While dressing hastily for dance On finding Rosey has his trousers, "Oh, Pickles! How inconsiderate of Rosey!"

-Yale Record.

CHEST-Did you hear why that Chinese battleship sank the other day?

NUT-Yes, because it was full of chincks.

-- Harvard Lampoon.

"Didn't he fine you for running over that drunken spiritualist?"

"No, the judge said there was no law to prevent a man from striking a happy medium."

-Yale Record.

Her Friend The Enemy

Betty Leighton sighed heavily as the measured tread of men and the clinking of swords echoed across the lawn. These were indeed hard times when the bloody sword of war parted husbands from their wives, sweethearts from their betrothed, fathers from their sons—She was interrupted by the sudden ringing of the doorbell and the confused mingling of many voices outside. She went wearily to the door, but the sight which awaited her there brought the roses to her cheeks and clothed her pretty face in smiles. Lieutenant Ravmond, forage cap in hand, stood on the threshold. A group of soldiers in more or less tattered gray uniform surrounded a blue coated prisoner, whose face was turned the other way.

"Good morning," said the young lieutenant. "Is your father at home?"

"No, what's the news? Heard anything from the Yanks?"

"Not yet, but we've got a prisoner here that might tell something interesting. Yankee spy. Want to look at him?"

"Oh, please bring him in; I should so love to see a real, live spy," entreated the girl, enthusiastically.

Lieutenant Raymond smiled, but gave the necessary orders to his men and followed the girl into the house. He was a handsome, light-haired young man, tall and well built—a veritable child of the sunny South. He was waiting only for the end of the war to marry pretty Betty Leighton, the general's daughter. The whole camp agreed that this would be a perfect match.

While they were speaking together, the prisoner, his arms securely bound behind his back, was led into the room. Betty turned curiously to look at him, but when she saw his face an exclamation of surprise escaped her lips.

"Jack!" There could be no doubting that voice, and the next instant she was before him, her arms wrapped tightly around his neck and her fresh red lips pressed against his.

"How came you here, Jack, and where have you been for so long? It's so good to see you again."

"Some time, Betty dear, but I cannot tell you now," he replied, nodding towards the soldiers.

"Oh, I'll fix that. Howard," (addressing the young lieutenant) "may I speak to him alone for a few minutes? I have so much to say to him, and I will not let him escape — why what's the matter with you?" The young officer was white as chalk. For reply he turned on his heel and left the room, motioning for his soldiers to do the same.

When they were alone, the prisoner asked hesitatingly, "Betty is — is father in command here?"

The girl nodded silently.

"Does he ever speak of me?"

"No. He has forbidden me to speak of you, and your name is never mentioned in the camp."

"Well, he shall see how gladly I can die for the country against which he is fighting. But I had hoped that he was not in command here. However, it doesn't matter much. He will be my judge, and he doesn't care — and even if he did, there can be but one termination to the trial of a spy."

"O Jack! He will not let them hang you!"

"He must do his duty, Sis. And you—you must get out of here somehow and take father with you if possible. To-night!"

"But why—"

"You must! If not — but I cannot tell you."

"But father must stay for your trial. If he left, it would be said that he shirked because you were his son. Father would not have that."

Jack Leighton paced back and forth, meditating upon a decisive step. Should he forfeit his honor as a soldier and forget his duty to the flag which he had sworn to protect, or warn his father and sister that the Union forces would sweep down upon them the next night and kill or capture them all? If he did this, he would be a traitor. His father would not flee to protection; he would set a trap for the Union men—his comrades. No, he would not be a traitor. He would die, but he would leave this world with his conscience clear, and his promise unbroken. Having so

decided, he stepped to the door and called in his guards.

"Good-bye, Beth!" This had been his pet name for her. "Come and see me before I—." He could not finish the sentence, but she understood and gulped hard to keep down the lump which was rising in her throat. "Good-bye — Jack."

As the soldiers led away the prisoner, Lieutenant Raymond stepped to the door." Miss Leighton," he said, with a formal military salute, "my compliments to your father, the General, and, when he returns, tell him I have a report to make. Another salute, and he was gone. "Oh Howard! Howard!" cried the girl, running to the door, but even as she spoke the outer door slammed, and a moment later she heard the sound of a horse galloping at full speed from the yard.

Perplexed by the strange behavior of her lover and bewildered by the manner in which circumstances had shaped themselves, she retired to her own room, where she threw herself on her bed and soon fell into a troubled, restless sleep. How long she slept, she did not know; but, awakened by bugle calls and drum beats, she hastened downstairs to find out the cause of the excitement. She found her father seated at his desk, with several other officers, including Howard Raymond, in the room. As she entered the door, she heard her father say, "We must hurry through with this. Our scouts have discovered a large body of the enemy on the march not forty

miles away. Let everything be in readiness for a march at sunset to-morrow. The trial will be held to-night. Colonel Corhan, you will see that the scaffold is properly erected. The execution will take place at noon to-morrow."

"You are not going to hang him — you shall not hang him!"

'Now, Miss, run along to your room. This is no place for young ladies." The general's voice was kind, but firm.

"But, Daddy, you must not hang him!"

"And why not, pray?" The old veteran eved her in amused toleration.

"Because he is — he is someone that you — someone that *I love* — even better — almost — than I love you, Daddy." Lieutenant Raymond sprang to his feet, hesitated — and then sank down into his chair again, pale and trembling. Betty, intent only on the struggle she was making for her brother's life, did not notice the action but kept her eyes on her father's face and waited anxiously for his next words.

"Elizabeth! Go to your room at once!"

The general spoke severely, his mind too full significance of her words, for he was full significance of her words, for he was somewhat chagrined at her inference. He was vaguely conscious that something seemed to have disturbed her and mentally decided to look her up and straighten it out after he had attended to the pressing business on hand.

Betty stamped her little foot in vexation and marched proudly from the room. But she did not go far from the door, determined to accost her father the minute he left the room.

The general smiled at her haughty retreat defeated but not vanquished, as she herself, in her lighter moods, would have described her condition. But, nevertheless, he was proud of his spirited daughter. She reminded him of --. But this was no time for memories, either pleasant or unpleasant. He concentrated his mind on the problem before him and for several minutes remained in deep thought, the officers waiting respectfully for him to speak. Finally he rose to his feet, the light of battle in his eye. "Gentlemen," he began, "though I do not wish to alarm you needlessly, yet I cannot deny that our position is indeed precarious. General Lee, as you all know, is hard pressed at Appomattox, and all approach to him is cut off by Grant's forces. Tackson is between us and Johnson, thus effectively preventing the concentration of our forces with his. Sherman is sweeping down upon us from the east, and we are in no condition to face him. He probably outnumbers us five to one. If he succeeds in getting past us and joining Grant at Appomattox, Lee's surrender is inevitable. Whereas, if we could effect a juncture with Johnson's troops, our united strength would be sufficient to crush Sherman by cutting our way through Grant's forces to relieve Lee. This seems our only

chance of salvation. I must ask for a volunteer to carry despatches to Johnson, asking him to get away from Jackson and march with all speed to Baltimore. We will retreat before Sherman, harassing his advance and delaying him as much as possible, and unite with Johnson at Richmond. There we shall have a fighting chance and will make the best of it. The messenger carrying these despatches must slip through Sherman's camp to-night, for he is directly between us, and a detour around his position would mean a delay of several precious hours. The undertaking is a dangerous one, for capture means certain death, but success, which means Lee's relief and final victory over Grant, will not go unrewarded!" He stopped speaking and cast his eye over the little group of brave men and true before him.

Lieutenant Raymond rose quietly from his seat, his face pale but determined. Two hours later he was in the saddle, riding full speed away from the setting sun, which had just sunk behind the mountains, leaving behind it a trail of blood across the western heavens. His last words to General Leighton, as that gallant old soldier handed him the despatches and clasped his hand in farewell, were' "Tell—Betty—I wish—her—happiness."

General Leighton sat at his great desk in the library, surrounded by a small band of officers. Amid the stillness of death, the prisoner was led into the room; and to the keen, curious eyes that devoured every motion he made, it seemed that he was afraid, for he stood there in the centre of the room, head bowed down before his judges.

The General looked up from the papers he had been reading and addressed himself to the prisoner. "Your name, Sir?" he inquired. For a moment there was no answer, and then the prisoner suddenly took a step forward and raised his head. "Lieutenant John Leighton, Seventy-Second Regiment, New York Volunteers, U. S. Army!"

The General sank back into his chair, his face ghastly white. The hand that he laid upon the desk trembled violently as he gazed at his son and thought of what was to come. He tried to speak, but he could say nothing. The officers looked into each others' faces, amazed and wondering, until one or two of the older ones, who were better acquainted with the General's affairs, rose quietly to their feet and beckoned for the others to follow them from the room.

Left alone with his son, the General could only sit and gaze at him and back of him at the picture of a dark-eyed woman with won-derful brown hair, whose features bore a startling resemblance to the young man's.

The young man finally broke the silence. "General," he said quietly, "I have but one favor to ask of you. And that is that I may see Betty before you sentence me."

The General rang for his orderly and sent for the girl. By this time he had recovered from the surprise and shock of the embarrassing position and confronted his son. "Jack," he said pitifully, "Why did you do it? Oh, why was I ever born to live to see my boy a traitor!"

"We will not argue that now, father. I have done my duty and am ready to pay the penalty. You will see that I can die as I lived — for my country, and your country, too, if you but realized it. But you do not understand the Northerners. You did not understand my mother. You brought her down here from her Northern home and surrounded her with your Southern prejudices, condemning her Northern views without even a hearing. You silenced her, but you did not convince her nor turn her loyal heart from her native land." The young soldier paused and then continued softly, "The night that mother died she called me to her bed-side and gave to me this flag." He pulled from his breast a small silk American flag. "I swore to her to protect this and all that it represented, with my life, and I left her side with her blessing ringing in my ears. As you know, Sir, I never saw her again - alive - and I have kept my promise!"

The General's eyes were moist as his son finished speaking, and impetuously the old veteran held out his hand.

There, beneath the eyes of the one they had both loved, father and son clasped hands in the first mutual understanding they had ever had.

It was in this position that Betty found

them as she entered the room. At her coming, the General retired to his desk and left the young people alone. At length the girl approached him. "Father," she pleaded, "You—you are not going to hang him, are you?" The General's gray head sank upon his folded arms, and he did not answer. How could he? Jack himself settled the question if the General had had any thought of wavering. "Yes, Betty," he said quietly, "father must do his duty," and going to the door he himself again called in his guards and the staff-officers. Then he took his place in the centre of the room as before.

The General rose to his feet, and in a voice which required all his mighty will to control, he proceeded with the trial.

Suddenly there came a knock at the door, and an orderly entered. "Lieutenant Raymond to see you, General."

"Lieutenant Raymond!" echoed the General in wonderment. Had his messenger been captured by Union forces and paroled, pending an exchange with his son? He clutched at the hope as a drowning man clutches a straw. "Send him in," he answered eagerly.

Lieutenant Raymond brought no good news. That was evident from his face the minute he entered the room. "General," he said, coming directly to the point, "I am sorry to inform you that General Lee surrendered unconditionally to Grant, yesterday afternoon. I found Sherman's camp in a state of rejoicing, and since no attempt was made to

detain me, I returned immediately. The war is at an end."

Whether the General was more moved by sorrow that his cause had lost, or by joy that his son's life was miraculously spared to him, we can only judge by his fervent words as he sank into his arm-chair: "Thank God!—Thank God!"

Betty, as keen-witted as ever, was quick to realize the advantages of the situation. "Oh, Howard," she said, slyly approaching that officer, "now we—we can—," She could get no further, but her blushing cheeks betrayed her meaning beyond a doubt.

Lieutenant Raymond looked confused. "But—," he stammered and eyed Jack dubiously. "Why that's my brother, Howard, didn't you know?" The brave officer hung his head in shame. "I thought," he confessed, "that he was the Northern fellow you met at boarding school." Their proximity to each other prevented further speech on their part, and the other officers, after paying respects to the General, left the room.

The General looked up at his manly son, who stood before the great framed picture, with the tiny silk flag in his hand. Slowly — proudly, he walked over to him and took his hand. "My boy," he said, "I understand now. It was my fault." And taking from his son's hand, the starry flag, he hung it across the corner of the picture. Then he gazed long and seriously into those brown eyes smiling forgiveness down upon him. "Katherine," he

muttered, "I did my best for the boy, and if I was wrong — I-did-my-best."

Glenn A. Wilson.

ETHEL—"Was he satisfied with one kiss?"
GLADYS—"Humph, I think he was satisfied with all of them."

-Yale Record.

A sweet chorinne from Kelkore
Wore shoes size ten, perhaps more.
A man stepped on her toe,
When she screamed, remarked, "Oh,
Pray excuse me, I thought't was the floor."
—Harvard Lampoon.

'10—I haven't been in town for three weeks.
'11—Neither have I—they have it at the Coop.

—Harvard Lampoon.

VOCAL ASPIRANT—"Do you think my voice would fill Woolsey Hall?"

GROWLER—"I don't know—but I think it would empty it all right."

-Yale Record.

THE BORER—"If I've told this story before let me know."

THE BOREE—"Is it a good one?"
FIRST DITTO—"Yes."
SECOND DITTO—"Go ahead."

-Cornell Widow.

PREACHER — "Hell is paved with automobiles, champagne, and chorus girls."

SHEFF STUDE (slighty intoxicated) — "O death, where is thy sting?"

—Yale Record.

The Soul-Cry

One night I sat beside the summer sea When all was still,—the cloud-barred moon was bright.

I saw—or thought I saw, afar away
A soul pass by the milestones of the stars,
And vanish into sight-defying night.
And then a sound I heard, it sounded far
And seemed to echo from the silvered clouds,
A cry that touched my very heart with cold
As wailings of lost children in the night.
But yet that cry was soft and clear and low,
And with it went the music of the sea,
That changed it to the essence of all song.
The swan song of that soul passed far away;
The soul itself yet wandered midst the clouds—
But with a benediction from my heart,
That melted at the sound of that wild note.
"Merlin."

The Avenger

"Without doubt," said detective Dean, as he hitched his chair a little closer to the fireplace, "the most mysterious case I ever ran across, was in a little town in the southern part of Indiana. I had lived there two years and in that time had become acquainted with the past, present, and future prospects of every person except one, in the vicinity. This exception is the one I'm going to tell you about.

"His name was McGaw, and he lived in a little hut on the outskirts of the village. Five years before my arrival, he had moved to the village with his wife, a pretty little Japanese girl. They lived entirely apart from their neighbors, asking no favors and in return giving none. About a year later his wife suddenly died. Several rumors were started to the effect that McGaw had, in some way, caused her death, but since no evidence could be found against him, the matter was dropped.

"After the death of his wife, McGaw's actions entirely changed. He tried, in every way possible, to make himself agreeable to those with whom he came in contact. But it was of no use. The popular suspicion that he had in some way murdered his wife, isolated him from his neighbors more completely than his former actions had. Meanwhile his only companion was a large black cat that had been the constant companion of his wife before her death.

"For some reason, McGaw hated this cat with a hatred that, to me, seemed to be explained only by the fact that he was insane. The cat showed that it returned this hatred by clawing and biting its owner upon every possible occasion. These frequent fights between the cat and the queer old man caused much comment among the country people. Some superstitiously said that, if the cat had the power of speech, it could tell many strange things about McGaw, including the fact that he had murdered his wife.

"This state of affairs had been going on for some time when I decided to arrest McGaw, in the hope of either frightening him into a confession or proving that he was insane. I accordingly sent a man out for him late one afternoon. Since it was about six o'clock when the two came back, I concluded to have him locked up over night and question him the next morning. He was placed in a cell, and I thought no more about him that night.

"During the night, the inmates of the jail were aroused by a wild shriek from McGaw's cell. They switched on the lights and rushed down. As they neared the cell, a large black cat dashed past them and vanished through a window. When they reached McGaw, they found him huddled in the corner of his cell. His face was covered with blood, and, upon closer examination, they found that his throat was frightfully torn. He died without speaking a word."

Ceaves from Phillips Ing

Conducted by George T. Eaton, P. A. '73

√ '41 — Samuel Emerson was born May 9, 1827, at Norfolk, Conn., and graduated from Yale in 1848 and from Andover Theological Seminary in 1851. He was a pastor at Enfield, N. H., and at Genesee, Wis and for fifty years taught in various places in Virginia. He died at Charlottesivlle, Va., January 18, 1908.

'57—Allen Campbell Barrows graduated from Western Reserve in 1861, served in the Civil War, taught in Phillips Academy 1864-5, was professor in Western Reserve, superintendent of Home Missions in Ohio, pastor at Kent, O., professor of English Literature in Ohio State University, Columbus, O., and died at Columbus, January 19, 1908.

'60 — Francis Townsend Hazlewood was born April 2, 1839, in Boston and graduated from Brown in 1864 and from Newton Theological Institution in 1867. He served as pastor at Ellsworth and Bangor Me., and at Lynn. During the last years of his life he was Secretary of the American Baptist Home Mission Society. For fifteen years he was a member of the Lynn School Commission. He served in the Tenth Rhode Island Infantry in the Civil War and later was chaplain of Post 5, G. A. R. He was very much interested in all that pertained to Phillips Academy and served as president of the Alumni Association in 1904. He died in Lynn, January 22, 1908.

'88—Andrew J. Balliet is special assistant U. S. attorney in charge of navigation matters in Montana, Idaho, Oregon, and Washington.

'91-Laurence T. Bliss is farming at Midland, La.

'91—Rev. William Wallace Donovan has been assigned to be assistant pastor of St. Augustine's in Andover. Father Donovan received his collegiate and theological training at Villanova College.

'92—Harry C. January may be addressed at Ferguson, Mo.

'92—William H. Wadhams is a member of the law firm of Baldwin, Wadhams, Bacon and Fisher, 31 Nassau Street, New York.

'93—Frank Ward Howard and Miss Louise Currier were married February 5, 1908, at Lynn.

'95—Tredwell G. Hopkins is the editor of the *Practical Dairyman*.

'96—John Everett Keach and Miss Alice B. Barker were married at West Medford, December 28, 1907.

'98—Rev. Alan M. Taylor, assistant at St. George's Episcopal Church in New York, has become rector of the Church of the Holy Spirit, Mattapan.

'90—Ralph H. Melczer may be addressed, % Palmer Brothers Company, New London, Conn.

'99-Samuel L. Russell is a partner in the investment firm of Russell and Dickinson, Seattle, Wash.

'99—Harry R. Stern is a partner in the law firm of Rushmore, Bisbee, Rogers and Stern, 40 Wall Street, New York. His home address is I West 73, New York.

'99—Frederick W. Wilhelmi may be addressed at Cloquet, Minn.

'oo—George E. Merrill, of Salt Lake City, Utah, has been chosen a director of the Commercial National Bank of that city.

'oo—Burnside Winslow and Miss Helen Trowbridge Carrington were married January 15, 1908, at Hew Haven, Conn.

'02—Ethan W. Judd is in the legal department of the National Biscuit Co., New York.

'02—Theodore Munroe Hall died at Oakland, Cal., January 26, 1908. He was connected with the Pacific States Telephone Co.

'03—Albert T. Gould, Bowdoin '08, recently won the Class of 1868 oratorical prize annually given to the best written and spoken oration of a Senior.

'05-William Galbraith Erving was born in Ando-

ver, June 3, 1888. After leaving Phillips he entered a wholesale shoe house in Boston and then a lumber company in Louisiana, and, last of all, the offices of a railroad operating in New Mexico and Texas. He died in El Paso, Texas, January 25, 1908.

The Phillips Andover Mirror

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The Andover Press, Printers

Editorials

In a few short weeks we come to the beginning of the annual climax of literary activity in our school life here at Phillips,—The Means Prize Speaking Competition, and The Philo-Forum Debate. These events offer to us all an opportunity of listening, among others, to those to whom we look for victory over Exeter in the debate next term, and of helping them to win this victory and duplicate last year's success, by assuring them of the interest and support of the school at large. The participants in these competitions are our future college debaters and writers, many of whom will doubtless rank high in the college literary circles of the near future! Looking still farther ahead, who can say whether we shall not some day depend on some of these same speakers to make the laws of our nation or to pilot our "Ship of State" safely through the turbulent waters of international diplomacy?

In the meantime they are doing their best for "Old Andover", and in this same spirit let us show our support and our appreciation by our interest in the coming competitions.

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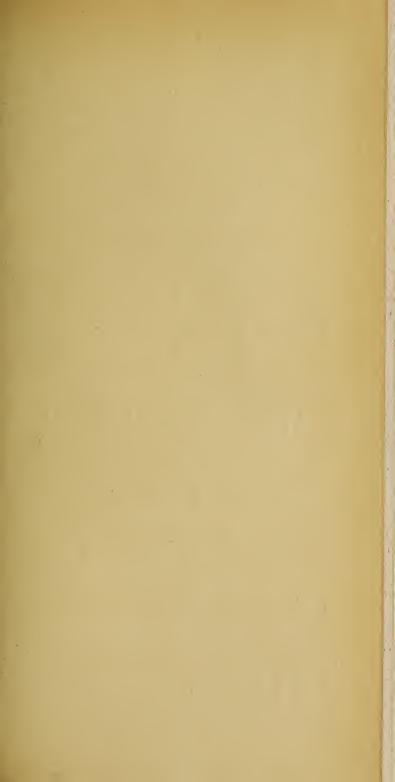
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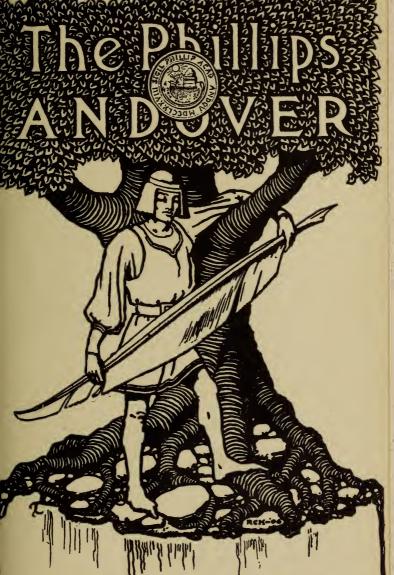
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Editorial.



Phillips Andober Mirror

FOUNDED 1854

Vol. III.

NEW SERIES

No. 5

The Barmaid at Rayne's

Bohemian and exclusive Rayne's, tucked away under an office building on the Strand, threw out, through its low, half-length windows, an inviting air of seclusion and relief from the excitement and the din of London. The thick walls, built of restful dark wood, deadened the sounds from the street. To enter the low. Dutch room in the late afternoon after the lights had been turned on, seemed like going from a mad uproar into a quiet June garden. To see pretty, attractive Dolly Powell at the first glance after entering, Dolly, the "barmaid" in Rayne's, was to further that impression. Dolly had tyrannized, with her pretty ways and simple beauty, the patrons of "the best Bohemian resort in London" for two years now, and had come to know the peculiar little wants of each. She had matched her wit, and not a few times her heart, with them until now she was the accepted attraction there. Lately, however, they had noticed that Dolly was becoming more quiet, that her deep violet eyes were growing deeper and fuller, that she went about her work, singing softly a quaint,

little love song, which they had not heard before. They noticed all this, and each felt an empty sadness in his heart. They would have wished Dolly to remain the same always.

The tall, old, Dutch clock in the corner chimed the three-quarters. Dolly looked up quickly to see if she had heard aright. Yes, it was almost six. The thought of that hour made a faint red creep into her cheeks, and a delicious feeling steal into her breast, a feeling which she would not have exchanged for worlds. She looked over into the corner of the room. There a table was placed under a hothouse orange tree. It was the best in all Rayne's. And she always kept it for him. When the laughing, happy, pleasure seeking crowd began to stream in at six, or half-past, Dolly always jealously guarded that table. In vain an influential patron tried to get it. Dolly was adamant. Dolly was also a power at Rayne's. Before seven no one but Paul Hunter should sit there. And Paul always came at six. Dolly rearranged the napkins, the silver, and the glasses all over again until she was satisfied. In that little corner the delicate scent of the oranges always brought a memory of Italy. The glasses on the table shone so that the light from nearby reflected all the colors of the rainbow. Dolly stood by the table and smoothed out the wrinkles in the linen. Then she took several violets from the bunch at her waist, intertwined their stems, and laid the completed token by the glasses. The deepening violet in her eyes matched the

flowers. She looked at them, where they lay on the perfect whiteness of the cloth; then sighed, with a little throwing back of her head. If he would only be sure to come at six, tonight of all nights.

Other men Dolly had liked in Rayne's, but none in just the way she liked him. This manly young American had invaded the very center of her heart, like a veritable Hannibal, and to-night, she had determined, was to be her surrender. She had appeared indifferent to him other nights, because it was hard to convince herself, after all these little heart-skirmishes in former years, that she really loved. And, to-night, she meant to tell him with her eyes. Dolly Powell's eyes spoke a language all their own, which was easy to understand—sometimes.

But it was seven, now, and the table under the hothouse orange tree, with the white linen and shining glasses, was as empty as the hope in her own heart. "He isn't coming-he isn't coming," repeated itself again and again in her thoughts, and poured a whole world of disappointment and unfulfilled hope into the delicate features of her face. In vain she tried to muster the power of indifference which always before had stood her in good stead. Commonplace answers to the customary banterings of the diners took the place of the witty thrusts which heretofore had given Dolly the reputation of being good company. More than once she narrowly missed upsetting a table, as she went about in the room, her usually leaping eyes dull and unseeing, her hands almost lifeless. In her heart, she hated the commonness of her life here in this fashionable resort of clubmen. She would have wished a home of her own, with the strong, masterful, young American. She remembered how frank and honest he had been in his admiration—and love, too, she thought—of her, in past nights. And would he not come tonight? Perhaps he would never come. haps she had been wrong when she thought she could read his thoughts about her. most fearfully she looked at the clock. It was now two hours past the time when he should have come. A deep, dull sigh made her draw herself to her full height. Then she looked down, and a great, round tear fell on the fingers of her trembling hand.

* * * * * * *

From the very beginning of his school-days, Paul Hunter had entertained scruples, drawn to a fine degree, of everything that seemed in the least degree questionable, whether it had been in his athletics, in his every-day life, or in his social obligations. Now, as he stood in front of the dancing flames in the fireplace, whose light was the only one in the darkly-furnished room, his brow wrinkled up, and his lips moved with the force of his arguing thoughts. Two weeks in London. The year previous in college in Zürich. And in all that time just the last few days had sufficed to change the whole aim of his life. A girl's face, a girl's voice and taking ways were the

beginning and the end of his meditation. In the burning logs he saw her face, shadowed by waving brown hair. As he heard the bell in the tower across the river boom out eight o'clock, an unspeakable regret and longing gripped his heart, a regret that he had not seen her face in reality that night. It was two hours past six o'clock now, and every night for two weeks past he had come to her always at six. And she had been waiting for himwaiting with her rare smile and the warm touch of her fingers. It had been wicked, almost, to make them both suffer, even for this one night. What must she think of him? He shook his head sadly and lowered it. Heaven only knew he had been fighting within himself for two hours now, and he could not go to her in this mood. It would have been worse than not going at all.

He sat down in a deep armchair by the fire, and stared at the blackened bricks behind the logs in the fireplace. "The governor can't care," he said aloud. "Don't you know him well enough by this time, you scrupulous young chump? Do you think that he'd put such a fine distinction before the love of a true girl?" His eyes took on a soft radiance as though he saw a pleasant picture. "Do you think that if he were in your place, and you in his, that he'd wait for your approval of her before marrying the best girl on earth? And yet, confound it, he might. She's just a barmaid—just a barmaid!!! Good Lord, she's got more sensible ideas in her head than all the

women in America! What if you married her to-night!! You'd have to send a cable, saying you—." He stopped, the hand which he had been using to emphasize his words remained poised in mid-air. Then he leaped up with an exclamation, and kicked savagely at the chair. "Why can't I marry her, and let them all go hang! But no! that wouldn't do at all. You know blamed well that wouldn't do at all. The governor would get sore, and the mater, and it wouldn't be right, anyway, because—."

He took up the evening paper. His eye caught the shipping news, where an item told of the sailing of the "Caretania" that morning.

"Well, the kid's been home a week, now," he murmured. "Wonder if he's told the governor about Dolly and me."

On the front page, at the bottom of one of the columns, a headline stared him in the face.

"BARMAID WIFE

WILL BE WELCOMED."

"Barmaid or no barmaid," said the type, "if she is worthy, she will be welcomed with open arms by this family and me."

Then it went on to say that K. W. Hunter, millionaire president of the New York-South-ampton Steamship Line, had made this statement to a reporter in New York, concerning a rumor that his son, Paul, now in London at the Savoy Hotel, had married a barmaid in

one of the Bohemian resorts on the Strand. It went on to say—

"The boy is thoroughly competent to take care of himself. If he has married the English barmaid, it is his own affair."

With bulging eyes, the "thoroughly competent boy" read again the little bit of news that meant more to him than all the steamships on the Atlantic. From every conceivable angle he stared at the print. Then he drew a deep breath, and, his eyes wandering away into space, he said softly, "Father understands. He's a dandy." Then he threw down the paper, and, with a mad whoop, leaped to the telephone, at the same time switching on the electric lights. He spun the bell-handle of the telephone. The operator of the Savoy answered.

"Give me Dolly Powell," he cried. "What!! Oh, yes—er—I beg your—par—yes—R 1492."

At eight o'clock, Dolly was sitting at the checking table by the cloak room. Her head was bowed as though in sleep, but now and again a listless hand was raised to brush back a brown wisp of hair. Suddenly, the desk telephone bell near her head tinkled. She took down the receiver and trembled as she recognized the voice.

* * * * * * *

"Yes—this is Rayne's. Yes—Dolly Powell." Her voice was wonderfully indifferent, but a strain of suppressed eagerness was in it.

"You've just heard what? O-o-h!"

"Yes, I heard you. Nothing the matter with me; but I'm rather tired, I guess."

"Yes, but why didn't you come to-night? I was wait—I mean I was wish—that is—I—you must be hungry." Her soft clear brow wrinkled up vexedly. She bit her lip. Everything was going wrong to-night. Now she was saying just what she did not want to say.

"What! You want to what? Don't be silly, Paul. Marry you? It's too absurd." But a king would have given his crown to have inspired the look in her eyes.

"Well, perhaps I do, a little. No, I can't say it. No—I—."

"No. Paul, I can't say it here. There are too many people around."

"We-e-ll-yes-but you know I do!"

"I'll say it low, then. Are you listening?" An infinitely contented smile broke the delicious curve of her lips as the answer came.

"Yes, I'm going to say it. I—love you. No, I can't say it again. Don't be silly. No!—well, just once more." She bent closer to the instrument and one hand gently caressed the violets at her waist. "I love you."

"No, dear, that's foolish—not to-night! You're getting worse than ever. Why, there are a million things to do. No!—Well, perhaps—to-morrow. . . . It doesn't matter who—Father Michelson would do it. Yes, I can be ready at ten. What!—sail to-morrow! I haven't a single dress! Please!

"All right, Paul. No, I won't say it again. Goodnight."

James C. Thomas.

To You—Fair Maid

What care I for golden treasure? By Midas' curse I swear My wealth were weighed in greater measure, Had I your golden hair; No joy is there in fame for me, Nor Fortune's fickle stare; For what is any name to me, That you, dear, do not share?

G. A. W.

Jack—"Did you ever get a girl in a corner in an argument?"

Mack--"Well, eh-not in an argument."

--Record.

Jones—"I hear de Tanke had a unique experience in Cambridge last fall."

Smyth—"Indeed?"

Jones—"Yes, he got jagged and saw Boston-garter snakes."

-Record.

"Smith is a mighty sharp fellow."

"Yes, but not sharp enough to cut any ice with his girl."

-Widow.

Stude (preparing for Junior Week) — "No, I don't want to learn any fancy dances, I want something stable like the two-step."

Instructor—"How about the barn dance?"

-Widow.

-Lampoon.

[&]quot;Are you still asleep, Johnnie?"

[&]quot;Suremaitsleepyear."

The Money and the Man

PART I.

(The Woman's Story.)

"George," said I, leaning across the breakfast table and assuming my most winning look, "I don't care what you say, I'm absolutely going down to Meadowbrook to-day!"

My husband tossed aside his newspaper with something approaching annoyance,—the winning look had evidently been lost.

"Now, my dear little girl"—he always called me that, though we had been married two years—"why will you persist in bringing up this subject. It's the most nonsensical thing I ever heard of! You know I'd let you go if I thought it safe; but imagine how I'd feel if anything happened to you, alone in that great house."

"Oh, George, don't be silly," I answered, "Nothing's going to happen to me. And you know yourself that if I don't get down there before the servants, this house party will be an absolute failure."

The last remark had its effect, as I could immediately tell. You see, the house party was the first really big thing George and I had undertaken since our marriage, and inasmuch as he had invited a number of "the boys" to be present, he was especially anxious to have it a success. So was I, for that matter,

for I love to please the dear fellow and—incidentally—to display my own ability as a hostess.

"Well," he answered, beginning to weaken, "you'd be awfully liable to take cold in that house without any heat; and you'd be all alone, you know, too."

"Silly boy, of course, I'll be alone; that's what I want. If I don't have anyone to interfere with me, I can do wonders, and when Maria and her crew come down, things will be all straightened out for them to begin on. We'll have the place in order in no time."

"Well, if you must go I suppose you must," said George, with a resigned air. "But, remember, now, I advised against it, and if anything happens, you can't blame me."

Is not that just like a man—to let you do something he's just aching to have done and then, in case of any slip-up, to throw all the blame on you!

Still, I was too delighted at having carried my point to say anything more just then. I called Maria and told her to pack up a suit case with all that I should want for an overnight stay. Then I went upstairs to put on a traveling gown, for I was bent on an early start. When I returned, George had finished the morning paper and was going through his mail. He looked up with a slight frown as I entered.

"Here's a letter from that fool brother of mine, accepting the Meadowbrook invitation, which you would have sent to him."

"Well, what of it?" said I. I can't understand George's aversion to his brother. Personally, I like him ever so much; he's such a big, jovial fellow—and so stunning looking!

"Oh, I don't know that it makes any particular difference," answered George, "only somehow I hate to have him around at a time like this. He's in town now, he writes; so I suppose I shall have to drop in at his hotel to see him."

'Do, of course," I urged. "Look him up now on your way down town. And be sure to remember me to him."

"Very well, my dear; anything to please you." With that he rose and strode into the hall to put on his overcoat.

"I'm off," he called a moment later. "Look out for yourself down at Meadowbrook, little girl!"

"I will. Good-bye, dear!"

The front door had hardly closed after him before I rushed to my desk and drew out a Meadowbrook time-table. The next train left at 10.37; it was now half after nine, and, by hurrying, I could just about make it.

"Maria," said I, turning to my faithful domestic, "call up 66290 Main and tell them to send a cab over here in time to get me to the station for the 10.37 train."

The dependable creature ran to the telephone, and almost before I had collected my things, the vehicle was at the door. We made a mad chase to the station and arrived just in time for me to purchase my ticket, and settle

myself in the chair car as the train rolled out. The car was literally packed with a crowd of pushing, jostling, laughing, bantering people a typical holiday throng, slipping away to celebrate Christmas week in the approved, oldfashioned way. It did me good to look at them-every face lit up by a smile! And I was not one bit behind any of them in the spirit of the season! Of course, it is not a very novel idea to open a country house for a Christmas party, but it was the first time George and I had undertaken such a thing, and just then it appeared a very prodigious undertaking to me, and I was as elated at the prospect as a school girl. As the train rushed on, through great expanses of snow covered country, I could think of nothing else, I was wild with impatience to get down to the house and start setting things to rights, and it seemed an eternity before the conductor put his head in the door and drawled out: "Meadowbrook! Meadowbrook! Do not leave any articles in the car!"

I bundled up my furs, grasped my suit case, and hurried to the platform. But, truth to tell, the immediate prospect, as I descended the steps, was just a trifle depressing. The desertion of the place was in distinct contrast to the bustle and traffic of the city I had just left. Save for two or three sleepy station hands and the handful of inevitable loafers, the only soul about was a half-frozen-looking hackman, who beat himself with his arms in a vain attempt to keep off the cold. The road which

crawled up-hill to the village, scarcely broken by a carriage track, was the picture of bleakness and desolation. The few scattered houses in sight looked chill and cheerless. Still, it would have taken more than this to dispel my good spirits just then; so I approached the hackman and said pleasantly:

"Jim"—he was our expressman in the summer; so I knew him well—"I want you to drive me up to the house."

"Lord, miss," said he, quite taken aback at seeing me so unexpectedly, "you down here now? Want to go up to the house do ye? Powerful bad winter we're havin', ain't it, miss?"

And, without waiting for a reply to any of his remarks, he handed me into the hack, slammed the door, and scrambled up to the box. It took an interminable length of time for his nag to labor up the hill, past the half dozen little stores in "the square," and thence out the long road that led to our house. But at last we came to our front door, and I entered. How different the place looked compared with the last time I had seen it, in October! The rooms, which had then never been without some sort of gay occupants, were now lonely and deserted, and my footsteps echoed loudly as I walked through them. The furniture was covered with sheets and shoved against the wall, from where it peered, spectrelike, at me, as I made my rounds. Everywhere was dust, inches—to me it seemed feet—thick!

It was a tremendous task that I had set my-

self—tremendous, that is, for one little woman,—but the choice was my own; so I laid aside my furs and coat, turned up my shirt-waist sleeves, donned a huge apron that I had tucked in my bag, and started bravely to work. I hadn't fairly begun, however, before a ring came at the door-bell.

"Mercy!" I sighed. "Tradesmen already!"

But I was mistaken! My visitor was a messenger-boy, and, with the usual intelligence of his kind, he stood, for a full minute after I had opened the door, staring me blankly in the face and not uttering a word.

"Well, come in, boy," said I finally, "and close the door. This house is like a barn now. What do you want?"

"Telegram," he replied laconically, thrusting a yellow envelope in my face. "Sign here. There's money in it," he continued. I tore open the envelope, and out slipped three crisp, new fifty dollar bills.

"That's all," said the boy, "I just wanted to be sure you got it."

After he had gone, I turned wonderingly back. A glance at the signature of the telegram told me it was from George.

"Forgot money this morning. Hope this is enough. Good luck.

GEORGE."

I had to smile as I read it. That is just like George's dear, impulsive nature, but what could I want with a hundred and fifty dollars way down in the wilds of a country town! Almost without thinking, I went upstairs to

my room and put the bills in my bureau. Then I came down stairs, to my work again, not giving the money another thought. All the rest of that day I kept busy-stopping only once to eat some of the luncheon Maria had packed for me-and when evening came, I felt horribly tired, and decided to go to bed early. I thought it would be safer and warmer for me to sleep on the couch down-stairs; so I brought down some blankets and made up my bed. Then-mind you now- I descended to the cellar to get some wood. (How many women, I should like to know, would dare do that, all alone in a house, at night!) When I returned, with much trouble, I succeeded in making a fire in the hearth, before which I drew up my couch. And all the while, let me most emphatically say, I wasn't one bit frightened!

I am not ordinarily a good sleeper, but that night I went off the moment my head struck the pillow. How long I slept I do not konw; it must have been some time. What I do know is, that, of a sudden, I found myself sitting up in bed, wide-awake and straining my ears to catch some sound. I had that vague sense of strangeness one always has on being awakened suddenly from a sound slumber, and I was just sensible enough to realize that I must have been disturbed by some unusual noise, and to listen for its repetition. I sat there, bolt upright, listening intently; but it was not necessary, for the sound came to me quite distinctly, clear and undisguised, almost on the instant!

I tried to believe that I was dreaming, half awake, but it was useless. There was no mistaking that sharp, regular, grating sound—it was caused by footsteps—someone was on the porch!

Then, for the first time, I was scared—I admit it. What woman wouldn't have been? My first impulse was to cry out; then I remembered that I was far from any living soul-save for the thing on the piazza—and realized the futility of shouting. So I merely sat stillwaiting, listening! I heard the footsteps move off to the far end of the veranda, then pause. Perhaps he was going away—but no, even as the thought flashed upon me, I heard a new sliding sound. A window was being opened! I blamed myself for not having locked it, but it was too late now! Leaning far out over the back of the couch, I was just able to see through the open door, into the room beyond. The moon cast a pale, white light into the room, and by it I saw first a leg, then a head and shoulders, and finally a whole body come through the window. For a moment, after the man had entered, he stood still and carefully lowered the sash, and in that moment his form was thrown into bold relief against the light, his back toward me. He started to turn toward me, and, instinctively, I drew myself down behind the back of the couch.

But all the while, my ears strove to catch every sound, and, although the man trod lightly and cautiously, I heard each footfall as he crossed the hall, turned by the big table, and came on! Nearer and nearer he crept; fainter and fainter grew my hope of safety! He was making for one of two places, either the room I was in, or the staircase. Which, which was it—a fraction of a second would decide now, for he was at the juncture of the two! For a brief instant, as I lay there, my heart thumped wildly, madly; my breath almost stopped and then—then—I heard the steps slowly, carefully begin to ascend the stairs! My ears followed each individual step until he reached the top when, for a moment, the sound was lost to me. Then I located it again, right over my head, in my room—my bed-room.

Then, for the first time since my awakening, I thought of the money up there in the bureau drawer. That was what he was here for! A great relief came over me as I realized this. He would find it up there in the room where he now was, and, having found it, he would go away and leave me.

But still I continued to listen attentively. I heard the steps cross the room to the bureau, then stop. During that pause, in my imagination, I could almost hear the sliding of the drawer, and picture the man as he stood there, with the bills in one hand and with the other groping through the drawer to see if any had escaped him. Then the footsteps commenced again, coming nearer and nearer until they went "tip-tap, tip-tap, tip-tap" down the stairs!

He was now only five or six steps from the bottom of the flight, and as he advanced, I suffered another moment of agony. My blood

went shooting through my body to my feet, leaving them numb, heavy, and useless. My head was like a ball of fire, my throat like sand-paper, and, within me, my heart was battering my ribs with giant blows! And then, suddenly, that feeling of relief took possession of me again—leaving me limp and weak after the ordeal of the instant before—for the footsteps had reached the foot of the stairs and turned off toward the room on the other side of the hall. A moment later I heard the window pushed up for the second time, then came a soft, rubbing sound as the man clambered out and closed it after him. And then, while I lay there—thanking every saint I knew—I heard his steps outside, crunching over the hard-packed snow, grow fainter and fainter, and finally die out altogether!

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

Kind Lady—"Have you a trade?"
Raggles (swallowing some blueberry pie) —
"Yes, mum, interior decorating and a-layin' of
the pangs of hunger."

-Lampoon.

Mary—"I'm so disappointed, Sam promised to send me a handsome present for Christmas."

Grace—"What, didn't he send you anything?" Mary—"Yes, his photograph."

-Widow.

"I hate to retire in public," said the chauffeur, as he put on a quick detachable.

-Lampoon.

Counsel for the Defense

George Irving walked wearily into his law office on Nassau Street and, after removing his hat and coat, settled himself at his desk before the pile of morning mail, without his customary "Good morning" to his head clerk. James, the clerk, noticed the omission, which, indeed, had occurred for several mornings past and also missed the buoyant step and the cheery whistle with which his employer had, until lately, been accustomed to enter the office. Rich in worldly wisdom, however, he held his tongue and winked knowingly at his fellow clerk. "He's in love!" he confided, nodding towards the "boss", as they called him.

Meanwhile, the "boss", going over the pile of letters, laid one aside. After he had filed the more important of the others and dictated a few replies, he tore open the envelope of the one he had singled out and read as follows: "Dear George, I am having the Devil's own luck, and am up against it hard, but I think you can help me. It's about that Darwell case. The District Attorney has put it in my hands, and, since it is my first big case, it means a great deal for me if I win. The evidence is all against Darwell. He hasn't one chance in a thousand of being acquitted, but you know he is her father. I hadn't been engaged to her more than a week when it leaked out that he had embezzled that Charity Fund. Of course,

that does not lower her one degree in my esteem, for I realize that she has nothing to do with it, but she absolutely refuses to marry me if I send her father to prison; and you can't blame her. If you will take the case for the defense, you may be able to beat me out, and I pray God that you will, for her sake; but, as I said before, the evidence is all on my side, and it looks bad. However, you can win if anybody can, and, though it hurts me to say it, I believe that if you save her father, you will win her after all, for she thinks pretty hard of me now, not understanding that I am but trying to do my duty. It is hard for me to tell you this, but it is only fair that you should have an even chance. I guess I don't count for much now.---

A detailed description of the case followed. It seems that Darwell's only evidence was a contract and receipt signed by a certain Henry Smith, which might easily have been forged, especially since the mysterious Smith was nowhere to be found. The letter was signed Philip Higgins, Assistant District Attorney, an old college friend of Irving. After reading the letter through twice, Irving sat for a half hour, gazing steadily before him with unseeing eyes. Then, throwing away his cigar, he put on his hat and coat and walked resolutely from the office.

A week later a tall, sallow-faced man was ushered into Irving's office. The office boy gazed in awe at tht Pinkerton Police Detective badge upon the stranger's vest and went back to his dime novel to read of Nick Carter's latest exploits, with increased interest.

Irving, recognizing his visitor, sprang to his feet.

"Did you get him?"

"Yes, sir, tracked him to Philadelphia," answered the detective, with a touch of professional pride. "He was pretty badly frightened when I showed him my button and told him what I wanted. He admits he took that fifteen thousand dollars of Darwell's charity money and used it to cover his margin in stocks at a critical time, instead of going ahead with the contract. The stocks went up afterward, and he sold out and cleared a fortune for himself. He willingly agreed to pay back twice the amount if necessary, and I told him you would be easy with him—he has a wife and four children, sir—and I got him to sign a full confession before a notary public. Here it is, sir."

"Very well done, Donovan! I shall remember you."

After a few more details, the detective was dismissed, and then the young lawyer had it out with himself. This was his first great temptation—he was only eight years out of college though he was already recognized as one of the ablest and most successful criminal lawyers of the day—and what a temptation!

It was a hard fight, interrupted when James announced that a lady wished to see him. "Tell her I'm busy," he answered sharply.

A moment later James reappeared. "She insists upon seeing you, sir. Here's her card. Miss Helen Darwell"—

"Show her in at once."

It would be impossible to describe Irving's thoughts as he saw before him the girl whom he still loved. She had not changed much, he noticed, since that night—that last night—when all his hopes and dreams had been shattered. Thinner she was, perhaps, and paler—but, he thought, prettier than ever.

"Good morning, Miss Darwell. Won't you sit down? What can I do for you?" He spoke in his usual pleasant professional tone.

"Thank you, Mr. Irving. This is a professional visit. It—it's about my father. He wants me to engage you as counsel."

Irving looked thoughtful.

"I know it's a hard case, Mr. Irving", the girl continued pleadingly. "And the evidence is all against us. But father is not guilty, I know he is not, and he feels that you can save him if you will only take the case."

"It will require lots of time and work," he said thoughtfully. Then, looking her right in the eyes, he added, "And if I win?"

"If you win," she answered, returning his gaze, "we will pay you—

"I don't want your money," he broke out passionately, "I want your 1—!" Then he checked himself, but it was too late. The mischief had been done.

"I beg your pardon," he apologized, quickly. Then changing the subject, he continued, "Your father is innocent, and I can prove it. But I will accept the case only on one condition!"

"What is it?" she faltered doubtfully.

"I will take the case only on condition that if I win you will marry Phil Higgins. He is a real man!" The unmistakable accent on the he, showed plainly the lawyer's opinion of himself because of the recent outburst. "What do you say? Is it a bargain?"

"George, do you really mean it?" the girl cried delightedly.

Irving turned away his head, for a lump rose in his throat. If he was disappointed, he did not show it. He walked slowly to the telephone and called for a number.

"Hello—Hello. Is this the District Attorney's office? I want to speak to Mr. Higgins about that Darwell case, please.—Yes.—This is Mr. Irving, counsel for the defense!"

Glenn A. Wilson.

Waiter—"How would you like to have your steak cooked, sir?"

Stude—"First rate! I never did like raw meat."
—Widow.

"What's the idea in having Jackson call you at two o'clock every morning?"

"So I can sleep over about five hours without being late for Chapel."

-Record.

She—"Do you like tea?"
He—"Yes, but I like the next letter better."

Ex.

The Lost One

The wind wailed woeful through the trees, With a horrible, death-like groan; It cut my face and it chilled my limbs As I wandered on alone-Alone in the dark and desolate night, Friendless-without a home, And the only companions that I could boast A wind, a tree, and a stone. I heard the hoot of a shivering owl, Then a shriek, and the forest's moan Yet never a soul came nigh unto me To chide, to help, or condone. So I fought by myself in the black of the night, In the midst of nature's own, With only the guide of the wind's sad wail, As it sighed "Atone! Atone!" A. L. B.

Ceaves from Phillips Ivy

Conducted by George T. Eaton, P. A. '73

'54—William Badger was born in Andover, where his father, Rev. Dr. Milton Badger, was pastor of the South Church. A member of Yale College for more than a year, he graduated from the College of Physicians and Surgeons in New York City. During the civil war, he had charge of the General Army Hospital on David's Island in New York harbor and also organized a state hospital for soldiers at Manchester, N. H. He died at his home in Flushing, L. I., February 13, 1908, at the age of seventy-four.

'57—Isaac Morse Abbott was born in Andover in 1844 and died in Philadelphia, Pa., January 3, 1908. He had lived in Lowell, Boston, and for thirty years in Philadelphia.

'57—David Henry Brown was born in Ray√mond, N. H., August 17, 1836, and served during
the civil war in the quarter-master's department.
He was a member of the firm of Thompson,
Brown & Co., text-book publishers in Boston.
He graduated from Dartmouth in 1861, and died
at his home in Medford, February 21, 1908.

'61—Emery Grover has law offices at 50 Bromfield Street, Boston.

'69—Charles Otis Goodwin was a practicing physician in Worcester and left his home, December 27, 1907, leaving a note indicating his intention of taking his own life. February 17, 1908, his body was discovered in Lake Quinsigamond, Worcester.

'86—George Silas West was born in Sivas, Asiatic Turkey, July 16, 1867, his father being a missionary physician. He graduated in 1890 from Princeton and later from the Medical Department of the University of Pennsylvania. He was in successful practice in Gerardstown, W. Va., where he died, February 20, 1908.

√ '90—Edward Franklin Page was born in Lawrence, April 29, 1872, and died in Lawrence, February 9, 1908.

'93—Nathaniel R. Mason is an assistant in the Harvard Medical School and also practices medicine at 483 Beacon Street, Boston.

'96—Henry O. Johnston, M.D., is now located at Machias, Me.

'96—John C. Phillips may be addressed at North Grosvenordale, Conn.

'97—Roy H. Gilpatrick, M.D., has opened an office for the practice of medicine at 827 Boylston Street, Boston.

'98—Dudley P. Lewis is president of the Everett E. Belding Co., shoe store supplies, 47 Lyman Street, Springfield.

'98—Harry Alfred Peters of the University School, Cleveland, O., and Miss Rosamond Katherine Zuck were married, January 1, 1908, at Gilroy, Cal.

'99—F. C. Orlady's address is 6327 Howe Street, Pittsburg, Pa.

'02—Guy T. Stetson is assistant receiving teller in a bank in Peoria, III.

'03—Austin Warmington Andrews and Miss Emma S. Wainwright were married, January 8, 1908, at Philadelphia, Pa.

'03—On January 1, 1908, Abner Howard Burtch became junior partner in the law firm of Sitterly & Burtch, Fonda, N. Y.

'04—William Douglas Dick was born in Andover, May 23, 1883, and died in Andover, February 28, 1908. At the time he was taken ill he was employed in the office of the American Woolen Company in Boston.

'04—James W. Marshall is inspector of the passenger service of the Burlington Railroad, and may be addressed at Airdrie Place and Sheridan Road, Chicago, Ill.

'07—Edward W. Kaiser is in the lumber business with his father, Eau Claire, Wis.

The Phillips Andover Mirror

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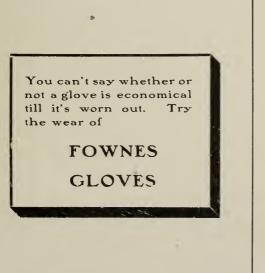
Editorials

As this issue of the *Mirror* goes to press, the long winter term is rapidly nearing its close. The relay race with Exeter has been run and lost, the basketball and hockey teams are winding up their seasons, the Junior Promenade is a thing of the past, and the only noteworthy event which remains, to break the monotony of the final round of examinations, is the joint musical concert with Exeter.

This concert, which is to take place in the Andover Town Hall on March 21st, marks a promising step in the relations of the two schools. For years these two great Academies have met on the athletic field, and, though the contests are persistently termed "friendly," the rivalry is always very "healthy". Now, for the

first time, the members of the two schools have an opportunity to meet on a purely social basis. In such a meeting there is no chance for antagonism, and it is hoped and believed that it will, therefore, foster the increasingly harmonious relations between the schools.

An Andover man first conceived the idea of this concert, and put it into execution, and to him Andover and Exeter men the country over are deeply indebted. The purpose is most praiseworthy; the successful accomplishment of it now rests with the members of the musical clubs. It is their part to become acquainted with the men from the other school, to play the gallant host, and to find out what fine fellows our rivals from New Hampshire are. And the Mirror—well, the Mirror wishes them luck!



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NEW SERIES

No. 6

Brown, Common Chauffenr

"What shall I do?" pondered Tom Garson, as he sat in a big morris chair in the front window of his club, and gazed disconsolately through a blue haze of cigarette smoke at the continual passing of automobiles up and down the thoroughfare before him. Tom surely was dejected. Had he not a right to be, when he had played the stock market and lost? His countenance showed that he was discouraged. He was ruined, as many others had been.

"Well, I am up against it," he observed, at length, to a siphon, "all the money the old man left me gone, and no more in sight. Why, I'll have to work." Tom did not know exactly what that word work meant, but his ideas of its gruesome possibilities were certainly not encouraging. What should he do? His college education had not fitted him for anything in particular, and he had never before bothered his head with the question of work. thought, and thought, each plan seeming more ridiculous than the former one. Finally he hit upon it—the very thing! He would be a chauffeur. Why not? Had he not driven a car for over three years? He immediately wrote a "Want Ad" for the "Herald," and sent it off by the club messenger. It appeared next morning:

"Wanted—a situation by competent chauffeur. Wide experience. Best references. Address R. Brown, c-o Herald.

"M-m, that ought to catch someone," he remarked, as he laid down his paper and lighted another cigarette.

* * * * * * *

"Honk, Honk, H-o-n-k!" blew the horn, as a large, red touring car came silently down the avenue. Presently it drew up to the curb and stopped before the door of one of the fashionable tailors. The only occupant of the tonneau, a slender, beautiful girl, stepped out, and quickly entered the shop.

"She certainly is a queen," thought Tom as he watched her disappear. "If I only had my money back—but what's the use of wishing. Why, I'm just a common chauffeur, and she probably doesn't notice me any more than if I were that vagrant on the corner. But I do wish Uncle William would loosen up. He never will, I guess, he's too "tight."

If Tom really thought Miss Stokes had not noticed him, he was much mistaken, for she had been wondering and conjecturing about him ever since he had entered her employ. At the same moment when Tom's thoughts were filled with his gloomy situation, she was saying to her skirt fitter, "Yes, he drives beautifully, and he's a perfect dear. And there's the most delicious air of mystery about him—why it's quite romantic. I can't believe he's just an ordinary chauffeur—he's fearfully attractive, good looking, the most perfect manner, and

terribly well-dressed. I know he's a gentleman, and I'm wild to know his real name, and why he advertised for such a position. He says his name is Robert Brown, but yesterday I found one of his cigarettes in the car, and it had the initials 'T. E.G.' on it in gold letters; so I know that Brown isn't his name. Well, I'll tell you about him when I find out, she continued, as she turned to go.

On the sidewalk she stopped. Tom, the common chauffeur, presented an extraordinary spectacle as he selected a cigarette from his gold case, took a match from a gold match box, and lit up. The incongruity of the scene struck her, and she laughed. Then she got into the car and they drove away.

About a week later she was informed by the butler that Brown wished to speak to her. "Well, Brown," she inquired as he stood before her, "what can I do for you?"

"I want to ask a favor, Miss Stokes," replied Brown, "I'm afraid I must ask for leave Thursday evening. I—"

"But, Brown, Thursday's the night of the Foster's masquerade."

"I know, Miss Stokes, I'm awfully sorry, but really I must have the evening. I have an engagement which I can't possibly afford to break. If you wish to give me notice—."

"No, no, of course, I shall keep you. James can take me. It's rather disappointing—but if you can't help it—all right. You may have the evening."

"Thank you," he replied quietly.

Thursday evening had come. Evelyn Stokes was radiant with excitement, eyes flashing and

cheeks flushed, as she jumped into the waiting brougham. She wore the costume of a Spanish dancer, and her sparkling eyes added to the gay enchantment of her appearance. Was she not to wear a mask? Was it not to be the grandest ball she had ever attended? Could she not act as she wished?

The drive to Foster's did not take long, and during it she planned how she would startle the guests by her clever dancing. Soon she was hurrying up the carpeted stairs into the perfume-laden air of the brightly lighted dressing-room. Hastily rearranging a few wayward strands of golden hair, she hurried out to the hostess, a cigarette clinched tightly between her fingers. The hostess handed her a common playing card and briefly instructed her to go into the ball-room to find her partner for the first dance. She was off in a flash, eager to join in the excitement. After being borne along in a crowd of queerly dressed men and women, she reached the ball-room.

Once there, she gazed in amazement and admiration at the beautiful array of lights and colors with which the great room was decorated. She was finally brought to her senses, however, by the tones of a stalwart Spaniard, who said to her, "Oh! Carmina, at last I have found you—you, whom I have sought in all the provinces of our land. You have the king of spades, have you not?"

"Yes, my big brother, I am the lucky one," she replied, vainly trying to imitate his Spanish accent.

"Well, then, according to the fates, I'm to have the pleasure of the first dance." She

nodded, and they started across the hall, gliding rhythmically to the time of the melody which floated out from the bank of palms that shrouded the musicians.

From that moment, Evelyn Stokes moved in a dream. She danced with men in every disguise possible, and became intoxicated with pleasure. She was hot and disheveled and almost exhausted, but radiant with happiness, as she wandered out to the secluded balcony, leaning on the arm of her manly escort. His fascinating waltzing and bewitching manner had excited her admiration, and she entered into delightful conversation with him, without a thought of the dances she was "cutting.". They sat down on a large divan at the end of the balcony, and as the mystic spell of the moonlight, and of the distant music floating through the air, settled upon them, he impulsively raised first her mask and then his own, and kissed her full upon the lips.

He drew away slowly, and as he looked into her beautiful eyes he was wonder-stricken to discover that it was Miss Stokes. She looked at him, and feebly gasped, "Oh—my chauffeur, how could you!"

"No," he contradicted, "no longer. Your chauffeur is no more; henceforth it it Garson, Thomas Garson, Esquire."

"Not Tom Garson, my brother's roommate at Yale?"

"Yes, the same."

'But, how in the world—"

"Why, you see, I played the market and lost. Didn't have a cent. I had to do something. But now my uncle has reimbursed me,

and I am a gentleman of leisure again. Must I replace your mask—?"

She settled her head confidingly against his shoulder and breathed a sigh of contentment before answering softly, "No—I guess not."

R. E. Coleman, '09.

"I'll bet he was lit up last night, look at his eyes."

"Yes, they're regular alcohol lamps."

-Yale Record.

My case went to the faculty.
There was some small dissension,
So first I waited in suspense—
Then waited in suspension.

-Yale Record.

Dwight Hall H—er (to Freshman)—"Do you drink?"

Fresh.—"Why—yes. Where shall we go?"

—Yale Record.

"What country shall I take you to,"
The ardent lover cried.
The shy little maid cast down her eyes,
"To Lapland," she replied.

-Yale Record.

He—"Will you have a chocolate Sunday?" She—"I'd rather have it now."

-Yale Record.

Alimony—Taxation without representation.

—Yale Record.

[&]quot;Blowhard is the most prolific poet I ever saw."

[&]quot;What meter does he use?"

[&]quot;Gas, very likely."-Yale Record.

Mhen the Kid Blowed In

The Kid he blowed in on the Twilight Express. We was a-waiting for him at the station there with a bunch o' cayuses, having came all the way from the Little-Spur cattlehang-out 'specially to meet him. He got labeled speedy like, "the Kid", particular because he had a sort o' strenuous conception he wasn't one. He had lately come from some college, where was planted about six thirds of the civilized globe, accordin' to his information, that latter being one of them polite and inexhaustible founts in which he abounded. Originally, he claimed, he was a freshman, which name was certainly strickly sticking, he being that kind of a cheese which a feller wouldn't have no trouble a-recognizin' even if it weren't labeled.

Well, as I was sayin', the kid blowed in, and bein' such a daubed, daylight dazzler, we didn't discover no chance to miss the bull's eye, or gaze on the engine as she hit the trail across the geography. And for a long time the kid he stood there on the platform, not even condescendin' to move a twitch in his consolidated countenance, looking just like a fallen gumdrop tumbled somehow from the sky by mistake. Fade away weren't in it with our stomachs. Ever hear about the lily-o-thefield-in-the-fair-raiment in Uncle Lucifer's black-book? Why say, the very most sedately shaped one would a' faded out o' sight next to him, and as for a self-respecting sun-flower, she'd a 'turned away her head piece, tired like.

Even old king Solomon never knew such glory, he having come into style a few thousand years before the kid sprung the latch on schedule time.

Well, as I was a sayin', the Kid he stood there a-blinkin' at us, all clothed entire in a brand new, artist proof, Buffalo Bill outfit And he was a transportin' along with him an A. L. English saddle, a-askin' all the time for a horse what was lively, that is, when he weren't too busy a-tellin' about that English saddle he was a-totin'. "No it weren't no watch charm", he kept a-squekin', "neither were it the swellest sneeze in neckties or liverpads, but it were, in his onerous and onion-like opinion, the most particular well bread puddin' in which the East had the West beat complete. Then after this he pipes out sort o' 'pologetic like that not understandin' he was takin' to us like fleas to a dog, we bein' placarded the measly dog, or like a weasel to dead fish, he puttin' a 'special strong accent on dead, not understandin' these ties, congenial I think he labeled them, he couldn't no how stomach our long horned saddles.

But say—maybe that green piece of Eastern spinach didn't give us indigestion! Whew!

It weren't no 'special human compassion on our parts, for while we wasn't a-goin' to hinder him from dyin' peaceful like, neither was we exactly keen about havin' a strickly private funeral, as one o' the boys engraved it, on account o' the mutilated condition o' the chief mourner. But the Kid being a strenuous and rambunctious sort o' breed o' critter, he gets on the cayuse, but very shortly he gets off

agin' immediately. The first he accomplished entirely by himself; but the second was completely done for him, altogether automatic like. And after he had thus come in violent contact with mother earth, he took the resolution that it were no how advantageous respecting his health to transport himself alongside to that particular critter or any other of impolite disposition.

So in the unnatural course of inhuman advents we was a-beginnin' to hit the trail up the country, when the Kid he made a particular stir about ridin' the critter we'd just been to the trouble a-pickin' out for him. The state o' the circumstances was these—There being no sufficiently tame critter along on the bronco breed, we'd a-decided to place the Kid on the top o' Mrs. Johnson's milk cow, which we was a' scortin' home at the time. O' course, he didn't 'specially take to it at first. But this feelin' o' his no how lasted long, he bein' most efficient at bein' taught. For it seems it had came about to pass that this particular critter was one of them tamely-toss breed; since one o' the fellers who had a 'special willin' understandin' for springin' the latch on jokes, had took the trouble to make a mistake between Mrs. Johnson's milk cow and a range bull what happened to be lingerin' around at the time. And so, as I was a-sayin', havin' an unprecedented amount of human efficiency, the Kid got his B. A. most speedy. Bull Appreciation, the boys called it. One o' the fellars said that's all he was a-loafin' around college for anyway. Well now it really clean became necessary for us to consider him a genuine acrobat

full-fledged entire, he havin' completed ten somersaults in the neighborhood of shorter than eight seconds, and havin' dropped off each one with an entire head-spring on the end clean. So on account of this disposition o' his o' wantin' the earth to turn around him like its own particular sun, we advised him strengthy like to hit the trail back to the peaceful college, but, it bein' agin the indisposition of his make up, he refused, and even had the pertracacity to inform us with a particular amount o' feelin' that he was a goin' to stick by us till the end o' the earth had come. But if the universe had only had the kind consideration to a' clean busticated there and then. maybe we wouldn't a' been saved an awful heap o' particular toasted trouble.

Allan Shelden, '09.

The evils of tight lacing, Why should they raise a storm? For wearing stays, nowadays, Is only a matter of form.

-Yale Record.

"And what will happen after I receive renewed youth?" asked Faust.

"There will be Hell to pay," rejoined his Satanic majesty.—Yale Record.

The Pessimist

What is the use of smiling
And appearing happy and gay,
Striving in vain to hide sorrow and pain
When everything goes the wrong way?
What is the use of living,
Deceitfully playing a part,
And running life's race
With joy on the face
When sorrow abounds in the heart?
What is the use of denying
Each sorrow and trouble and care,
Why not admit them—act as befits them,
And take up our life's cross to bear?

G. A. Wilson.

The Indian's Revenge

Among all the maidens in the tribe of Willotum, who took their name from the majestic northern raven, there was none other to compare to the slender, dusky Sleetas. Her face held nothing of the usual Indian high-cheeked stolidity. Her lips, of vivid crimson, and her dazzling white teeth, wonderfully enhanced the real beauty of her youthful face. Black hair, usually worn loose, and decorated merely by one red feather, surrounded her temples, and hung far down over her deer-skin mantle. Is it any wonder that many a young brave cast longing glances toward her wigwam, where she dwelt alone after the northern scourge of consumption had taken away her father and brothers?

But of all her suitors, Sleetas cared for only two. Weamoh and Joe Bagneau might be seen sitting silently before her wigwam each evening, saying nothing, waiting for some sign from Sleetas. Weamoh was a hunter, tall, black-haired, reserved even for an Indian, with straight features and an almost melancholy eye. He contrasted strangely with Joe Bagneau, nervous, alert, always ready with jest and story, perhaps in some ways a boaster. Had Joe traced back his line of descent, he would probably have found excitable French blood in his veins.

But after a long court hip, Sleetas began to show unmistakably her reference for Joe Bagneau. At last she went to his wigwam, and Weamoh, the rejected lover, saying nothing, gathered his traps and furs, and disappeared into the forest.

Now the tribe of Willotum dwelt far and away to the north, where tangled forests of spruce and tamarack are mingled with dreary musky swamps. The winters in that northern region are cold, bitter cold. The snow lies deep upon the earth, and hungry packs of wolves roam over the frozen lakes. Then life becomes a struggle for food, for warmthgiving furs, for the wherewithal to purchase precious ammunition at the far-distant trading post.

The winter after Weamoh had gone forlornly away into the forest, was a terrible one, for a disease had appeared among the northern rabbits, whose bodies furnish both food and covering. The most cunning of the wood creatures were hard put for food, and those cunning wood creatures, the Indians, suffered with the rest. Joe Bagneau roamed far and wide for game, and only too often returned empty-handed to the home where a young, hollow-eyed squaw awaited him. His traps seemed bewitched. Even the stupid muskrats avoided his carefully set pitfalls, and as for beaver and mink, he had not caught one in months. Then, finally, examining an untouched trap, he found beaver fur clinging to the upper jaws, and a tiny drop of blood upon the snow. He straightened his back with a whispered curse: someone was robbing him. Who could it be? Not Weamoh surely; he had disappeared mont! before. Yet such a crime as trap-robbing could be laid to no one save a rejected suitor.

At last, one evening, after finding signs of a previous visit all along the creek bed, Joe was turning home in desperation. Ere he had gone far, some sixth sense turned him suddenly about, to see a bent figure emerging from under the low-hanging trees. It was Weamoh: but not the same Weamoh who used to sit with him before the wigwam of Sleetas. The man's face was wrinkled deep, his lips were drawn back in a snarl like a beast's, and his bloodshot eyes glowed with deepest hatred.

Joe Bagneau threw up his gun, took a quick aim at the rushing madman, and pressed the trigger. A dull click sounded as the hammer struck the uncapped nipple. Then Joe dropped his useless gun, slipped his long knife from its buckskin sheath, and faced the leap of the hate-crazed Weamoh.

Then occurred such a fight as Indian hags tell of in war stories of the gods.

They were met in a tiny glade, flooded with the rays of an early moon, and surrounded by a dark rim of tamarack. Back and forth the two men swayed, each grasping the armed hand of the other, every muscle tense, every nerve and fibre strained. So they struggled, neither able to let go, standing and swaying under the heartless moon. Suddenly Weamoh, with crazed cunning, slackened his hold on the wrist of Joe Bagneau, and as the other wrenched his hand free, slipped to the right, freeing his knife-hand, and burying the long blade in the other's half-turned back. Bagneau, with a gurgling moan, fell back upon the already crimson snow, and lay in a silent, twisted heap.

An owl called hoarsely from a nearby stub, and a long wolf howl echoed from afar. But the Indian gazed down at his dead foe with an expressionless, stony stare. Then he turned, and hurried away into the forest.

Meanwhile the dead man's squaw was watching and waiting. For two days no food had crossed the threshold, and her gaunt eves shone with hunger. Far into the night she waited, but her brave did not return. At last the sledge-dogs lying about the outer hearth rushed, howling, toward the door. Sleetas sprang to her feet, and flung open the flap over the door opening. She stood there, framed against the light within, listening. Was that a movement behind that nearby spruce? She Then a rifle-shot echoed heard a click. through the empty woods, and a tall, gaunt figure stood gazing down at a crumpled form, as it had done once before that night in the little glade.

Methodically and slowly the murderer reloaded his weapon, and turned from the empty tepee. An owl was calling to its mate, and the howl of a wolf pack sounded from the empty forest, more clearly than before. Weamoh turned into the forest, and strode aimlessly on. Again the long-drawn howl sounded, much nearer now. Weamoh strode on, and came to a frozen lake, bathed in the pale rays of the setting moon. He started across, but had only reached the middle of the white plain, when a chorus of sharp barks resounded from the forest fringe. A black huddle of wolves sprang from under the spruces, and bore down upon the solitary figure. With a howl as

animal-like as their own, the Indian turned and madly fled. He flung away his loaded gun, and sped screaming across the ice. But the wolf pack came ever closer, till he felt their hot breath upon his ankles. Then sharp teeth seized him, the wolves surged over him, and Sleetas and Joe Bagneau, lying under the low moon, were revenged. Silence reigned over the frozen world, broken only by the low hoot of a great owl, and the distant bark of wolves.

W. R. Barbour, '08.

"What's the best way to tell a bad egg?"

"I don't know, but I would suggest that if you have anything really important to tell a bad egg, why—break it gently."—Ex.

Lecture upon the rhinoceros:

Prof.—"I must beg you to give me your undivided attention. It is absolutely impossible that you can form a true idea of this hideous animal unless you keep your eyes fixed upon me."

-Christian Instructor.

"What's in here?" asked the tourist.

"Remains to be seen," responded the guide, as he led the way into the morgue.—Jester.

"You may not know it," quoth Samson, as he pulled the pillars from under, "but I'm at the bottom of all this."—Yale Record.

The Way of the World

The sun shines ever brightly,
On Fortune's favored band;
For him who has the smallest need
Of charity, or help indeed,
There's e'er a helping hand;
But he whose strength in vain is plied,
Pulling strong against the tide,
Alone must take his stand.
And if indeed the fragrant rose,
The path of life adorns;
Then some of us the petals tread
And some of us the thorns.

G. A. W.

A Bull-fight in the Gity of Mexico

It is noon time. The sky is of the deepest blue, the sun is shining, and a soft wind blows from the east; in a few words, the weather is as pleasant as only Mexican weather can be. And as it happens to be Sunday, the day of bull-fights, a holiday spirit prevails.

The streets leading toward the Plaza of la Condesa, are crowded by pedestrians and vehicles of all kinds. No doubt there is going to be a great number of spectators at the bull-fight. But now everybody fixes his attention on some approaching carriages; the three elegant landaus contain the toreros, all dressed in their gay costumes; each one has his hair done up at the back of the head and wears the black montero. They seem rather serious; perhaps they are thinking how their fortunes may turn out in the coming contest.

Slowly the big rushing crowd passes inside the magnificent arena; this circular amphitheatre is capable of seating more than thirty-five thousand people, and resembles somewhat the grandest ruin in the world, the Roman Coliseum. The sight is splendid. At the top, the arches are decorated with flowers, and Mexican and Spanish flags. As Fuentes and other favorite toreadors, are going to fight, all the seats on Sol and Sombra (sun and shade) have been taken. The crowd is a very interesting one; the girls seem to prefer to wear Spanish mantillas. One cannot fail to notice among some of the spectators, the sign of happiness which characterizes the Spanish

people, or some half-terrified Americans, whose great curiosity has compelled them to come. A military band is playing merry tunes, which can distinctly be heard.

The gate to the ring is flung open. Two carriages, each pulled by four fiery steeds, enter, bringing the queens, chosen by the toreros, for the occasion; they are dressed in white and wear mantillas. All the spectators rise from their seats and applaud, while the band plays louder than before—the enthusiasm has begun. After driving around the ring, the queens go up to the beautifully decorated box reserved for them. From here they are to witness the contest.

No sooner have the queens taken their seats, than a bugle is heard. The band begins to play the march of the famous opera "Carmen", and the fighters come in; the men on foot come first and are followed by those on horseback. They march all around the ring, salute the queens, and take their different posts. One of the men on horseback approaches the royal box and asks permission to begin the fight. The bugle signals for the bull to be let in—there he comes!

At the gate, a small arrow-like goad, decorated with bright-colored ribbons, is pushed into his neck, which, of course, makes him become wild and fierce. The men on foot have red cloaks, which they shake in front of the beast, to enrage him. As the bull charges for them, they jump to one side; and when he turns about, they again shake their red cloaks. After they have shown thus, their courage and skill, they withdraw to the sides to let another

man show his courage in some other way, but they are always ready to help him in case of danger. A stool is put in the centre of the ring, and a torero, dressed in white, comes and stands on it—he is Don Fancredo. There he stands perfectly still, awaiting the bull; by his stillness he deceives the beast, who sniffs at him but does not attack him, believing he is a statue. Almost as daring is the act of another fighter, who vaults in the air and falls, as the bull hits the long pole. After this, the picadors tease the bull with sharp lances, until he pursues them and tries to drive his horns into their steeds. A cry of pity is heard; the bull has thrown one of the riders from his saddle and hurt the poor horse badly. But this does not discourage the rider; for another horse is brought to him by one of the monosabias, and he remounts.

The bugle is heard again, it is time for the banderillas. One of the banderilleros steps in front of the bull, and as the beast charges down upon the fighters, he throws into his back or shoulders, two sharp arrows decorated with ribbons, which wave gayly as the animal, wild with rage, runs around the arena, while another banderillero is ready to repeat the torture.

The bugle sounds again. The bull must now be killed. The matador takes a red cloth and a sword in one hand, and a glass of wine in the other, steps before the queens, takes off his montero, and offers a toast to them. After this bit of gallantry, he throws aside his hat and goes to meet his victim. All the spectators are now perfectly still, breathlessly awaiting

the result. As the bull attacks the matador, he jumps to one side. This he repeats several times, to make sure of his aim. At the next rush of the beast, he stabs him with his sword—he has made just the right stroke, he has dropped the bull in death to the ground! The successful stroke of the matador, brings forth the greatest enthusiasm; the spectators shout and applaud madly. The band, playing the merry notes of the "Diana", scarcely can be heard, being deafened by "Vivas!" and "Bravos!" Hats, fans, flowers, money, cigars, and cigarettes are thrown into the ring, from the joyful crowd, in appreciation of the matador's skill.

In the midst of this excitement, a team of six mules enters the ring, to be hitched to the bull's horns to drag him out.

Not until six bulls have been killed, is the crowd satisfied. When the last one is dragged out, the spectators begin to pass through the gate. Slowly the merry crowd goes through the streets, talking of the different successful fighters, of bulls, or of the coming Sunday, when another fight will take place.

Pedro Hurtado, '10.

Advice

When she, who lately was another's flame
Beams radiantly on you,
Speaking sweet nothings in delightful tones
Softly, looking sweeter than before
With eyes that scarcely dare to peep through
Their silken fringe; then turn and view
The luckless fellow whom lately she adored,
And mark the look Byronic—
Of heavy melancholy on his brow;
See the fierce eyes glaring at you, now!
It were well, sage youth, to think Platonic
Thoughts of the charmer with the voice harmonic.

For do not doubt, she too has seen his rage With well dissembled joy;

Then mingle words and smiles with all your art, Play well your cards, but do not stake your heart. So shall you see with less annoy A sweet renewal of their former joy.

"Reo."

Ceahes from Phillips Ivy

Conducted by George T. Eaton, P. A. '73

√ 1847—Robert Thompson was born in Montville, Me., September 20, 1822, and died at the Good Templars' Home for Orphans at Vallejo, Cal., February 10, 1908. He went to California in 1849, practiced law at Mokelumne Hill, Calaveras County. Most of his life was spent in San Francisco and Vallejo. For half a century he was prominent in the councils of the Good Templars and was the virtual founder of the Orphans' Home.

1855—Benjamin Franklin Stearns has been connected with the Treasury Department at Washington, D. C., since 1880. He is a veteran of the Civil War with rank of Major.

1859—James A. Eaton is manager for F. N. Eaton, 240 South Division St., Grand Rapids, Mich.

1859-William Clarence Jones, from Methuen, was a member of Co. L, 2nd Mass. Heavy Artillery, during the Civil War, and is at present at the National Home for Soldiers, Togus, Me.

1859—Rufus Wheeler Leavitt may be addressed at 485 9th St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

V 1859—Charles Harris Lester was born at Plainfield, Conn., March 15, 1842, and died in New York City, October 27, 1899. He was a graduate of West Point, entered the Civil War as a Lieutenant, and rose to be Captain before his death.

1868—Frank H. Sawyer is private secretary to Senator Perkins of California.

1868—Ross Conway Stone was born February V 24, 1847, at Anderson, Ind., and died in New York City, July 16, 1888. He was a graduate of the law department of the University of Michigan in 1870 and was editor of "Bullion", a monthly, and of "Wall St. News", a daily in New York, during the years '80-'82.

1884—Edward Franklin Gage, M.D., from Harvard 1893, and Miss Mary Ethel Nourse were married at Charlestown, December 19, 1907.

1886—George H. Danforth is secretary both of the United Bank Note Company and of the American Bank Note Company, with offices at 70 Broad St., New York City.

1889—William M. Higgins, M.D., is at 616 Madison Avenue, New York City.

1890—Charles P. Lineaweaver is secretary of the Trust Company of North America, with offices at 505 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

1890—Rev. George B. Spaulding is pastor at Stonington, Conn.

1892—Samuel C. Pierce is a mining stock broker at 356 West California Avenue, Pasadena, Cal.

1894—Leland Emerson Bristol and Miss Alice Pemberton Calef were married at Atkinson, N. H., December 29, 1907.

1897—Alexander Harris Wadsworth and Miss Alice May Smith were married at Worcester, January 18, 1908.

1899—Eben Perry Sturges, son of Eben Perry Sturges and Katherine (McKenzie) Sturges, was born August 25, 1880, at Mansfield, O. He entered the mechanical engineering course at Cornell University but did not graduate, and died February 23, 1908, at Silver City, N. M. He was married to Catherine Quimby of Wooster, O.

1901—Elbert S. Latimer is with the Horace K. Turner Co., Art Publishers, Boston.

1901—Howard Williams Morey and Miss Grace Bedell Clark were married April 20, 1908, at Buffalo, N. Y.

The Phillips Andover Mirror

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The Andover Bress, Brinters

Editorials

With this number the new board takes up its work. While the old board has been more or less hampered by unavoidable obstacles and has not been able to present to its subscribers and the world at large such a paper as it would have chosen to, still it has enjoyed its duties and has striven to overcome such difficulties as it has met with. It only asks of the school that it will come out and give the future board its best support, so that they may turn out a publication which will bring the greatest credit to the school.

We take great pleasure in announcing the election, from the Middle Class, of Glenn A. Wilson of Westfield, N. J., as managing-editor, and of Charles B. Rockwell of Rockville, Conn., as business-manager for next year. It also gives us much satisfaction to announce the election to the editorial board of Frederick F. G. Donaldson, 'o8, of Medina, Ohio. These men have worked hard and well deserve praise for the results of their efforts.

The McLanahan prizes for the winter term were awarded as follows: first prize, ten dollars, to James Carl Thomas of Las Vegas, Nevada, for his story, "The Barmaid at Rayne's, which appeared in the March issue; second prize, five dollars, to Allan Shelden of Detroit, Mich., for his story, "The Black Fox," which appeared in the January issue.

The June and Commencement numbers of the *Mirror* will be combined and will be issued at Commencement. This issue will contain several of the Class Day parts and, as a supplement to these, a half-tone cut of our three athletic captains, suitable for framing. This handsome souvenir number will be on sale at the Andover Bookstore, the Phillips Inn, or may be had from the management.



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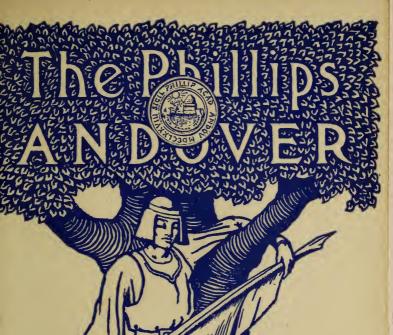
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COMMENCEMENT 1908



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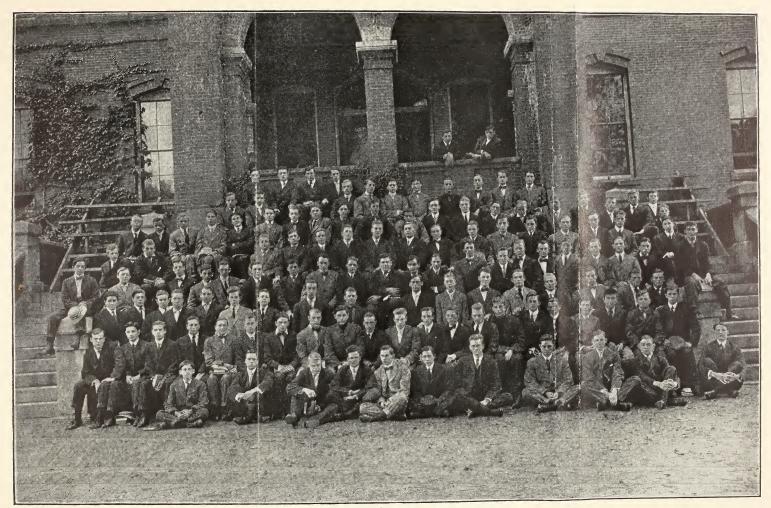
Phillips Andover Mirror



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SENIOR CLASS



Phillips Andober Mirror

FOUNDED 1854

Vol. III.

NEW SERIES

No. 7

Forward

To the Class of 1908, in hearty commendation and appreciation of the successful completion of their course at Andover, we dedicate this number of the MIRROR. They have contributed more than their share to the membership of Alpha Delta Tau and in every phase of school life have set a praiseworthy example to succeeding classes. May their future joys and successes be even greater than those of their final year at Old Andover!

Nor will the other classes begrudge you, Class of 1908, the preponderance of honor which is now yours. For they all, without exception, join with us in the farewell toast: 1908 is gone! Long live 1908!

Once again Andover's old fighting spirit has led the Blue to victory! We congratulate Captain Reilly and the team on this latest demonstration of just what the true Andover spirit can do. We wish to assure Captain-elect Burdette and Rosendale of our utmost confidence that the honor of the Blue is in safe keeping in their hands. May they be successful next year in showing that the spirit of the Class of 1908 still prevails in Andover.

Class History

It may not be inappropriate when dealing with an historical matter to cite incidentally other events which may be of equal importance with the one under discussion.

In the year 331 B. C., the battle of Arbela occurred; in 14 A. D., the Roman Empire was founded; in 476 A. D., came the fall of that Empire; in 1492, Columbus discovered America; in 1775, the Declaration of Independence was made; in 1863, Lincoln issued the Emancipation Proclamation; and in September 21, 1904, the Phillips Academy Class of 1908 was born and began its career as a part of the life and activity of this School.

In that comparatively remote period, there were about sixty-five "preps." who timidly gathered in front of the Stone Chapel to the old men welcome each other back.

We wished all the time that we were somewhere else, but our first duty had to be performed — we had to consult Mr. Eaton with references to our schedules for the fall term; and that having been done we sheepishly tried to introduce ourselves into the circulation of the school body and make the acquaintance of new scenes and new companions.

During those first few days, we heard many rumors about a certain (or rather uncertain) Shaksperian Society, which took upon itself the full control over a course of behavior that had something of a mystery about it. We deemed ourselves fortunate in learning about their plans regarding our affairs, but later it transpired that these stories were shouted in the market-place for our especial benefit, and upon the first Saturday night many of us suffered the novelty of being hazed and, of course, we enjoyed it ever so much.

The interest and the excitement caused by the doings of the football squad doubtless diverted the attention of our tormenters from us, and really the football team had a very successful season until the final contest with Exeter. On that occasion our rivals defeated us by the score of 35 to 10.

I suppose the chief reason for this defeat was that the team could not yet be assisted by members of the Class of 1908; we had not then entered the arena of sports.

Our greatest disappointment, though, was that we could not take part in a "celebration," an event which we had heard much about. This defeat, however, created within us a determination for victory which Exeter could not overcome for three years.

The Christmas vacation passed quickly, and we soon found ourselves back again up against hard work, and the months slipped by smoothly because everybody was busy.

During this term we made a better acquaintance with the gymnasium, where Doctor Page showed us all the graceful movements of arms and legs, and Betteridge, a distinguished member of our class, initiated us into all the intricacies of apparatus work. By the end of the term we were able to do quite a few foolish stunts.

During the spring term, we had many things outside of our studies to occupy our minds. The track and baseball teams worked hard to make up for the defeat of the previous fall, but an enforced vacation, due to an epidemic of scarlet fever, deprived us of the opportunity of defeating Exeter in track events.

At the beginning of this vacation, we were told to take our books home and study, the result being that when we returned to school we were haggard and worn out. We were in a decidedly critical condition, and it took all the rest of the term to recuperate. It was lucky that we did not have to take college examinations.

In spite of this handicap which the baseball team suffered from the scarlet fever, we triumphed that year over Exeter, and the night following that glorious victory we helped in a rousing celebration which will be remembered to the end if our lives.

In our eagerness to get back to school, we thought the summer would never pass; we lay awake nights, wishing for the opening day to arrive. In due course we got back to school and began life as upper-classmen. We were now able to hold up our heads more proudly; we felt it our duty to transmit to incoming "preps." all the pleasures and the opportunities which we ourselves had enjoyed the preceding year, and many of them will admit, I think, that we fulfilled our duty very successfully.

Certain members of the Class were designated to initiate them in the different branches of school life. For instance Shannon was to look after their religious training; Gerow was to coach them in athletics; Parks was to introduce them to the "Fem. Sems."; and others were chosen to point out further requirements fully as important and necessary. You may

well believe that the time passed much more quickly than it did the year before.

In athletics we defeated our old rival Exeter in the three leading sports—baseball, track events, and football, and we were a part of three slpendid Andover celebrations. It is possible that the principal reason for these victories was the fact that the Class of 1908 was represented on each team.

During this same year members of the Class also began to make themselves prominent in the school work; some excelled in scholarship; some made names for themselves in literary effort; some performed on the musical clubs; while others won renown in—pingpong and chess.

About this time the old Commons buildings, which had been a conspicuous feature of the landscape for a long and eventful period, were taken away. Thus disappeared the suggestive scene of many pleasant (and unpleasant) associations, where many sterling traits of character had been fostered. The Brick House then became a part of Commons, and Bartlet Hall was also secured for the Academy. On account of these additional accommodations, the attendance during our third year was very large.

Our Class assembled as usual on the first day; we certainly now could think that we amounted to something; we had only the Seniors to look up to.

There was one thing in particular that happened this year which should not be omitted. In the fall term, through the untiring efforts of O'Connor, a Bible class was organized, and after some persuasion he was prevailed upon

to serve as president. Its work during the year had a very helpful influence upon the school.

In athletics, although we defeated Exeter in the baseball field, upon the track, and in football, we felt extremely hurt because our rival won in golf, tennis, and chess; but we made up in a measure for those defeats by winning the annual debate.

We were not satisfied with placing such good men as Merritt, Reilly, and Knox on the school teams, but, in addition, we turned out winning Class teams. Of course, it would have been selfish in us to have filled every team with 1908 men.

In June, the college examinations were not so hard as we expected, and we left school in good spirits, hoping that the summer would go quickly.

In September, 1907, the Class returned to Andover from all quarters of the globe, and assembled in front of the Chapel as usual. This year we could occupy the front seats in Chapel, so that the lower classes would not have to walk so far to their places.

We began to realize that this was our last chance to make a name for ourselves, and to do what we could for the School. Nearly every branch of school activity, whether it was scholarship, literary endeavor, musical attainment, or athletic prowess was ably represented by some member or members of the Class of 1908.

All through this last spring term, there has been a very worried expression on the faces of the faculty, and the only explanation I have to offer is that they are thinking of what is going to become of the School when the guiding and restraining influence of the Class of 1908 is lost. I suppose they will solve the problem by persuading some members of our Class to remain another year.

It would be tiresome for me to relate all the events which happened during our Senior year; they were many and, to us, important. But, taking everything into account, I think of but one reflection that can be cast upon the influence of the Class.

For a hundred years the Andover Theological Seminary has dwelt upon this hill, doing its work under some of the conditions that our School has had to contend with. But we understand the time has come when it is felt that it should change the location of its work, and I imagine that the faithful attendance of the Class of 1908 upon the sermons delivered by the instructors in theology was too much for them to bear. Our Class has proved the "last straw", as it were, and as a result the Seminary departs. With this one exception, I think we have conducted ourselves as a Class of Phillips Academy should, and that we may always be proud of our membership in the Class of 1908.

Here we are, upon this 130th anniversary of a school famous throughout our country. For four short years we have been happy here, and at this moment are enjoying our Class Day exercises. This may be the last meeting for many of us for years to come. We shall be out side, making history, perhaps, more vital than the poor paragraphs I have read to you to-day.

But whatever may be the record, I sincerely hope that we, as a Class and as citizens of the world, shall always show that we have within us the true Andover spirit, so characteristic of this School, and that we chall continue to show by our actions, wherever we may be, how we appreciate the benefits which this dear old School has conferred upon us.

Bates Torrey, '08.



Class Poem

Like waves against a headland, old and gray, With even flow and regular array,

The yearly throng of youth, with ceaseless hope,

The headland of uncertain years assails,
Eager to try their fortune in life's mart.
Unmindful that the years the best in life
Are those, as men grown old in learning's
school

Have told us often and again in books, Are those that now so idly pass us by, With hurrying feet and longing eyes upraised,

Youth bears the precious trophy of its years, The years of school-days, bitter-sweet and full Of memories and happy times gone by.

Their thoughts on but one single goal are bent, The goal where they may rest these precious years,

And then to plunge their hearts and souls again

In that great world that lies beyond the pale Of youthful aims and strivings; there to win Renown and all that makes for happiness. But, as philosophers, with saddened smile,

Affirm again, forever and a day:

The youth, when past the years of careless life,

And looking back at others passing there Upon the path where they themselves have gone,

Would wish to warn them from too heedless course,

To tell them not to long too eagerly

For those uncertain days of years to come.

Live in the passing hour; no century

Was e'er so full of that great sovereign

Called Opportunity; no age gone by

Has seen such promise for the new-born man

Who has the hope and strength of his beliefs.

And lest the story old should be retold

Of that poor man who sought to gain the
world

Of future riches, mindful not that then As now, the magic of Aladdin's lamp Was far surpassed by that great ruler, Time, Who holds within a moment, quickly gone, All human treasure, peace and happiness, Let us take heed of ev'ry passing hour And look not to the future nor the past, Save to derive that strength of purpose true To guard the fleeting present and to live Each moment short as though it were our last.

And, Classmates, let us look now to our own,
Our little throng that makes but only one
Of many such in these long years of life
Which this our School began so long ago.
Perhaps there's he among us here to-day
Who, like a tidal wave from out the rest,
Will make his echo sound around the world,
A Caesar, or a Solon with his laws,
Another Luther, or a Cicero.
Yet as the changeless law of Nature reads,
But one such lives within a century.
And if we cannot all attain to fame,
Must we then merely plod in life's drear rut
While Hope's bright ladder beckons us to
climb?

Ah, no! for ev'ry life to duty stern
Is ever bound by Heaven's strict decree;
To e'en the least of us there is assigned
A life-time work by which to raise ourselves
From out the sordid to the infinite.

And now all petty quarrels, strifes, and fears Sink far beneath us as we contemplate The meaning of these hours left to us, The hours before we leave this sacred place Of our associations, friendships true, This seat of learning born in stormy years, Child of Revolution, now called by us, In fond affection and with trusting hearts, Our own in these few years in which we all Have lived in closer touch with her great soul And history, momentous as they are.

And as the glow of this day slowly dies, May rev'rence for our School and nobler aims From out the ashes of its mem'ry rise.

James Carl Thomas. '08.

Oration

MEN OF NINETEEN EIGHT:-

A short time ago, I was talking to a man who has done a great deal for the School and one who, being the most prominent man of his time here, could speak with certainty. He said, "We used to think when I was in school what a wonderful spirit and life we led, and how we appreciated it, but after I left the old hill I began to feel and to appreciate what that spirit meant." It is of that "spirit" I wish to speak to-day.

What is this "Andover spirit" of which we are continually hearing? The more one sees and feels it, so much more difficult is it to define definitely. We know, we feel that it is individual not only in every member of the student body, but that it is also in the collective attitude of alumni, trustees, the faculty, and the School, a unity of spirit for the objects set forth in the constitution of the Academy.

Four years ago 1908 came to Phillips Academy, fresh from guarding influences of home, to enter the scratch race of schoolboy life. It is safe to assume that before a year had gone by, our ideals, hopes, and aspirations had suffered many a change or set-back. We found that old Phillips had lived longer than we, and that Andover tradition and Andover spirit were hard things to fight with childish reason,

So we set out to discover what made this spirit and tradition and what it stood for. When the first call was made in Chapel for football candidates, and when we saw seventy

men that afternoon working with all the might there was in them for a day not long distant; when only eleven of them would don the coveted "A", we wondered why they worked so. At the end of that year, our education meant something to us, for when we cheered our teams and captains on the athletic field with a "long Andover" we felt down deep we were cheering for more than a name, it was for the spirit, the Andover spirit that stood for hard work, for fair play, for truth and honor, and for true democracy, and which hated the mean and the little, the underhand and the "quitters." Andover spirit was not born, it "jes' growed" like Topsy. With the external beauty of our old hill with its green lawns, its grand old elms, and its classic halls; and with the traditions of high-minded and self-sacrificing men such as Samuel Phillips, and Uncle "Sam" Taylor, carried out by men such as our principal in our own day, is it any wonder Andover has a "spirit" of which we boast?

For the last time in our lives, classmates, we are assembled in full numbers. We are leaving this grand old School now completing this, her one hundred and thirtieth year of noble service to mankind, with feelings of sincere regret at parting and yet with joy for the commencement of a new life. There are new battles to be won or lost, new and strange problems to be solved, and we are to rub shoulders with men. Let us heed what a distinguished Frenchman said to Charles Sumner, who was visiting France in his early days. "Young man", said he, "remember that life is neither pain nor pleasure, but earnest business, to be entered upon with courage, and the spirit

of self-sacrifice." We have been told from the pulpit that what the world you and I are going into needs is men who play the game of life fairly, squarely, and strenuously. The "Andover spirit," fellows, which embraces all these thoughts, has set a good pace and calls on you few, who are privileged to inherit the labor and tradition of over a century and a quarter, to keep it up, and to spread its message wherever your life's work may be.

Russell Stiles.



The Way of the Wilderness

It was dusk; and as the daylight faded, long shadows crept over the snow plains. The night was cold, and the wind blew the light snow in swirling clouds across the trail, over which two men with a dog team were hastening, for they knew the darkness was fast closing on them, and they had yet far to go. They were dressed in thick furs and had snow shoes bound to their feet. They were halfbreeds of the Hudson Bay Company, on their way back to Moose Factory. Many a wolf and fox had taken their poison baits or been caught in the jaws of their traps; so the sled that the dogs were hauling bore a load of beautiful pelts. As they went on through the deepening twilight, one man breaking the trail ahead of the sled and the other plodding behind it, a far-away cry broke the silence. It was the wail of a beast in pain: and the men shivered as they urged their dogs onward, for it soon came again, then again. It was the howl of a wolf in the wilderness, and the wolf is Death's scourge in the North.

* * * * * * *

On the desolate short of James Bay, exposed to the bleak winds of the Arctic, sat an old she-wolf. She was gaunt and thin, and her flanks seemed to shrink at every blast of wind. Some half-breed's trap had torn off her leg. As the wolf licked the raw flesh, she cried piteously. Beside her, huddled her cubs, dying because she must die; and she gazed at them with an anguish almost human in her blood-shot eyes. Perhaps she thought

of the half-breed's steel, and, with hatred filling her heart, she howled in agony at her help-lessness. Then from afar came a faint cry, as if in answer, and long, low moaning——Somewhere a snow owl hooted—and the night was still.

* * * * * * *

The weary men sat on their sled, silently watching the circle of gleaming eyes. They had given up their furs and their dogs, and now were to give up themselves. Life had never seemed so sweet. Its hunger and cold were forgotten; forgotten, too, were its sorrows and pain. Death had come in each ghostly form, there in the darkness around them; for hunger and madness were in those cruel jaws, which were waiting to tear life The stars rose high in the from them. heavens, filling the sky with their radiance: and the flashes of the northern lights painted the snow with wonderful colors. It was all like a dream to the trappers—this life, this death, this death-in-life around them. The merciless circle was closing in, its wild howling was near them, upon them. Still it seemed like a dream of the night; but it was a dream come true.

Allan Shelden, '09.

Ceaves from Phillips Ing

Conducted by George T. Eaton, P. A. '73

- '45 Henry Thomas Kimball, son of Thomas Holton and Damaris Gleason Kimball, born December 24, 1830 at North Andover, died in the same town, February 17, 1908. For many years he was a salesman for Shreve, Crump & Low, Boston.
- '52 Charles Franklin Pearson died at Lynnheld Center, December 26, 1907. He was a farmer, son of George and Susan Richardson Pearson, born in Saugus, August 28, 1833 and served in Co. A, 40th Mass. infantry during the Civil War.
 - '53 William Greenough Harding was the son of Rev. Sewall and Eliza Wheeler Harding, and was born in Waltham, August 1, 1835 and graduated from Williams College in 1857. He was a manufacturer of glass. He died in Pittsfield, May 19, 1908. His son, George C., architect of the Eaton Cottage was a member of the class of 1885.
 - y '54 Dr. Joseph Wales Clift, son of Wales R. and Susan Clift died in Rock City Falls, N. Y., May 2, 1908.
 - '61 James E. Chandler is a member of the law firm of Chandler and Beekman, 116 Nassau street, New York.
 - '66 Rev. Dr. Francis Brown, Dartmouth 1870, has been elected President of Union Theological Seminary.
- y '69 Charles Henry Spofford of Rockford, Ill., died January 5, 1908.
 - y '75 Frederick Pearson, a farmer, died in Andover, May 20, 1908.

'83 — George D. Pettee for many years registrar of Phillips Academy and more recently Principal of the University School, Cleveland, O., has resigned from that office.

'93 — James I. Lineaweaver is manager of the brokerage firm of Drayton and Alkins, 136 South Fourth street, Philadelphia, Pa.

'94 — Julian Starkweather Mason and Miss Florence Grey were married in Chicago, Ill., June 1, 1908.

'95 — Ike Bourne Dunlap and Miss Helen James were married January 25, 1908.

'95 — Dr. Elisha S. Lewis is practicing medicine at Princeton, Mass.

'95 — Clement Fessenden Merrill, assistant superintendent of the Central Railroad Company of Ney Jersey, living at Mauch Chunk, Pa., was married May 12, 1908 to Miss Bertha Isabel Smith of Winchester.

'98—Shirley Gregory Ellis and Miss Anita M. Rennie were married in New York City, March 28, 1908. Mr. Ellis is with the Carnegie Steel Co., Pittsburg, Pa.

'98 — Harry A. Peters has been chosen Principal of the University School, Cleveland, O.

'99 — Langdon Albright and Miss Charlotte Spaulding were married at Buffalo, N. Y., May 5, 1908.

'99—Hugh Galbraith Christie and Miss Katharyn Grace Leavens were married February 27, 1908 at Berkeley.

l '99—Albert Heilman died at Hollidaysburg, Pa., May 6, 1908. He graduated from Yale in 1903 and received a Ph.D. from Yale in 1906.

'99—Charles W. Littlefield is a partner with his father in the law firm at 5 Nassau street, New York.

'oi-Arthur J. Derbyshire accepts his call to the Washington Street Church, Beverly.

'02 - Charles Hayward Murphy and Rebecca Knox Steele were married at Chicago, Ill., April 21, 1908. Their home will be 20 Kirby avenue West, Detroit.

'03 - William Henry Harrison Cranmer and Miss Margarett Wood were married in Denver, Col., May 27, 1908.

'04 - Chester Byron Kelley was married to Miss Helen Wingate at Winchester, May 19, 1908.

'04-Fred Hodgden Thompson and Miss Ethel May Downing were married April 27, 1908 at Bath, Me.

'07 - John E. Wells is a director in the Guaranteed Glove Company of Johnstown, N. Y.



The Phillips Andover Mirror

Editorial Board

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All contributions should be left at 3 Andover

Cottage.

Business communications should be addressed to 5 Bancroft Cottage, Andover, Mass.

The Andover Press, Printers

Editorials

Some time ago the editor of the MIRROR had occasion to remove the contribution box which for years past has kept its solitary vigil at the entrance of the Academy Building in mute appeal for "copy." Upon opening the box, which has not been in use during the past year, we discovered a report slip such as is used by the proprietors of private houses to report absences and misdemeanors of students. It was dated May 23, 1907, and had evidently been dropped by mistake into the Mirror box instead of the box opposite on the door of the Registrar's Office. It was signed by the landlady of one of the most popular houses in town, and had it reached its intended destination would have added at least one more

"cut" against the name of one of last year's best known athletes, who is now enjoying a prosperous year at Yale. We have no data at hand for determining the exact number of "cuts" recorded against this fellow previous to that date, but who can say whether one more might not have made a fatal total of eight and deprived Andover of one of her best athletes and most popular man? In view of the year, safely off the press we sit up, benefits of the Mirror to its subscribers are limited to fiction?

And yet we trust that our labors in the field of literature have not been wholly uncrownd with success nor unappreciated by our subscribers; and now, with this, our last issue of the year, safely off the press we sit up mop our learned brow, and pat our editorial back, secure in the satisfaction of having done our best.

We take great pleasure in announcing the election of Allan Shelden, '09, to the editorial board of the Mirror.

The McLanahan Prizes for the best prose articles published in the MIRROR during the spring term have been awarded as follows: first prize, ten dollars, to Robert Earl Coleman, '09, Grand Rapids, Mich., for his story, "Brown, Common Chauffeur," which appeared in the May issue; second prize, five dollars, to Pedro Hurtado, '10, Mexico City, Mexico, for his description, "A Bull Fight in the City of Mexico," which appeared in the May issue.

The McLanahan Prize of five dollars for the best poem published in the MIRROR during the year has been awarded to William Roberts Ingersoll, '08, New York City, for his poem, "The Soul-Cry," in the February issue.

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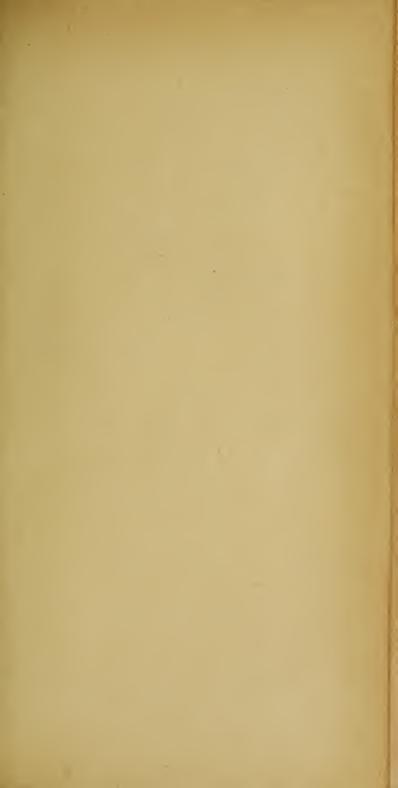
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